

THE
SIEGE
OF
BABYLON:

As it is Acted at the
Dukes Theatre.

Written by
SAMUEL PORDAGE,
of Lincolns-Inn, Esq;

Author of the Tragedy of *Herod* and *Mariamne*.

*Non tibi plus placeas, quia multis fortè placebis :
Id spectâ potius, qualibus ipse places.*

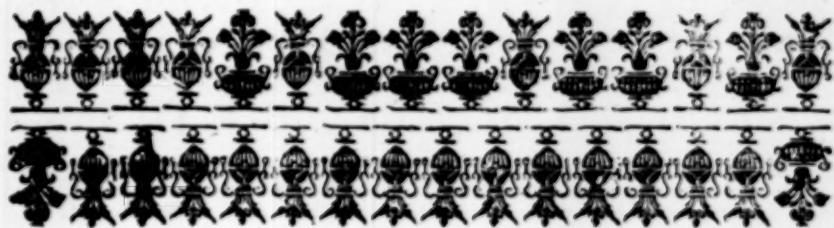
Manci. de
Quat. Vitt.

Licenced, Nov. 2. 1677. *Roger L'Estrange*.

L O N D O N,

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13



TO HER

Royal Highness

THE

DUTCHES.

Madam,

IT is not without Fear, that I approach your Throne ; esteeming it a more difficult task, to write an Epistle Dedicatory, than to make a Play : lest, on the one hand, I should fall into the Crime of Presumption ; or on the other, slip into that, of Flattery. Confidence , if not Impudence, seems to be intail'd on Poets ; and Ambition, or rather greediness, of vain Applause,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

plause, by which they would mount above others, carries them often, beyond the Limits of all Modesty, and makes them rudely press, into the presence of Greatness, and Majesty. On this Rock, I may now seem to run, and to have left my self no excuse, for daring to set your Great Name before my Poem. But, Madam, 'tis to your Goodness I must fly; and that favourable protection, which you afford those who want it, must shield me from the envenom'd Darts, of envious Detractors. They will have Veneration for your Name, and stand in awe, when they shall know you have seen, and approv'd this Play, that you have taken it into your Protection, and that it is not without your permission, I offer it to your Highness; which I do, with all the Humility I ought to have, and with all the submission, and respect I can express. There is some necessity for me, to gain so powerful a Patroness, considering the smallness of my Merits, and the niceness of this Critical Age, in which the greatest Wits pass not without Censure, nor the most perfect pieces of humane Invention, without being carp'd at. What would have been currant Coyn, in the Ages past, will now be look'd on as debas'd Metal; and that Wit, which is esteem'd but mean, and ordinary now, would have been then accounted great, and miraculous. Wit is refined, and Ingenuity made bright, not only by the Industry of Poets, and endeavours of the Learned, but by the example, of the Court, and encouragement of Princes, who diffuse it like Light to all that know them; among whom your Royal Highness, as a Star of the first Magnitude, shines, with the
splen-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

splendor of your Mind, and enlightens the Souls of others. I need not fear to be accus'd of Flattery, since you are a Theme too high, all we can say, is still below you, and there can be no such Figure as Hyperbole in your description. When I consider all your excellencies, I approach you, with admiration, and am swallow'd up in the Sea of your perfections. Your Beauty, your Extraction, your Wit, Ingenuity, and acquired parts; your Goodness, Piety, Wisdom, and Generosity, with all your other Virtues, and Accomplishments; deserve each a particular Panegyric, and are large Themes, on which the greatest Wits, may exercise their Pens. But Madam, these are things too great for my undertakings, and it is now my business only, to crave your acceptance of this Poem, which may serve for a diversion when wearied with more serious Thoughts. I have sav'd the Persian Princesses from the Cruelty of *Roxana*, but 'tis you only, Madam, that can protect them, from the greater Tyranny of Criticks, such as make it their business to find fault, with what they cannot mend, who turn the greatest sense into Ridicule, and Burlesque even the Vertues, and the Graces themselves. *Statira* flings her self at the feet of your Royal Highness, and hopes you will give her a favourable Reception, since you have extended your Favour to *Marianne*, and shew'd a more than ordinary kindness to that Tragedy, which has hitherto pass'd under the Name of another, whilst I was out of the Land: but, Madam, since there is so much Glory in it, to have pleas'd your Highness, and to have given satisfaction to many Persons in the Royal Circle, I cannot forbear

The Epistle Dedicatory.

bear to own it, that your Royal Highness may be the more easily induc'd, to smile on this, which, with my self, I prostrate at your Feet, begging your pardon for the presumption of assuming the Title of

MADAM,

Your Royal Highnesses

Most humble, most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

Samuel Pordage.

THE

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

Prologues of old, as learned Authors say,
Us'd, to have some Coherence, with the Play,
Were not so much, for Ornament, as use; }
Like necessary Porches, to a House, }
They, to the Inner Rooms, did introduce.
But now, such is the custom of the Age,
A rough hewn Satyr, enters first, the Stage.
Who barks, bites, pushes, and at all does hit,
Pelts Men, and manners, with his wicked witt,
Grinns at the Court, the Country, and the City,
And sometimes snaps, you Criticks, in the Pitt.
Such is the Rage, that one Poetick Brother,
Falls foul with, and downright, rails at another,
And tho, the play, be moving, soft, and sweet,
And Verses run, on smooth, and even feet,
And tho it does of Love, and Honour treat,
And shews a body, soft, fair, gay, and neat,
The Prologue still, has a rough Satyr's face,
Which does the moving, sweet, soft, thing, disgrace.
What e're the Play be, Custom does prevail,
It must be Satyr, in its Head, and Tail.
But Gentlemen, our Author bid me say,
He'd have no Satyr's face, before his Play,
Nor should it have, tho it be much in Vogue,
A swinging Tail, a lashing Epilogue.
Ladys, to you, he does himself address, }
From you, he would receive, his happiness, }
If your fair hands, shall his endeavours bless, }
He will not fear, the Criticks of the Pitt,
Those Cursing, Damning, Mugletons, of Wit.

The Actors Names.

| | | |
|----------------------------|--|----------------|
| <i>Orontes</i> | Prince of <i>Scythia</i> ---- | Mr. Betterton |
| <i>Lyfimachus</i> | a Prince of <i>Macedon</i> ---- | Mr. Medburn |
| <i>Eumenes</i> | a Prince of <i>Cappadocia</i> ---- | Mr. Fevone |
| <i>Ptolomy</i> | } Captains of <i>Alexander</i> the great---- | { Mr. Crosby |
| <i>Perdicas</i> | | |
| <i>Cassander</i> | | |
| <i>Araxis</i> | Servant to <i>Orontes</i> ---- | Mr. Norris |
| <i>Statira</i> | } Widows of <i>Alexander</i> } | Mrs. Betterton |
| <i>Roxana</i> | | Mrs. Lee |
| <i>Parisatis</i> | Sister to <i>Statira</i> ---- | Mrs. Seymour |
| <i>Thalestris</i> | Queen of the <i>Amazons</i> ---- | Mrs. Gwin |
| <i>Cleone</i> | Confident of <i>Statira</i> ---- | Mrs. Gillo |
| <i>Hefione</i> | Confident of <i>Roxana</i> ---- | Mrs. Le-Grand |
| Souldiers, Attendants, &c. | | |

The SCENE

BABYLON and the Fields adjacent.

Lately Printed.

The Tragedies of the last Age Considered and Examined, by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of all Ages, in a Letter to *Fleetwood Shephard Esq.* By *Tho. Rymer of Grays-Inn, Esq.* Price bound 1 s. 6 d.

Edgar, or the English Monarch, an Heroick Tragedy, written by *Tho. Rymer Esq.* Price 1 s.

Both sold by *Richard Tauson. at Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn-Lane.*

THE

[1]

THE

S I E G E

O F

B A B Y L O N.

A C T I

S C E N E I. Babylon Besieged.

Enter Lyfimachus and Ptolomy with drawn Swords.

Ptol. **N**OW, my brave Friend, both Love, and Honour calls,
 Let us together run, to scale these Walls ;
 Let's thus for Honour, and for Love contend,
 Till Death, or Conquest, shall our Quarrel end.
 Thus our great Cause, may by the Sword be try'd,
 And Fortune now, our Rivalship decide.

Lyfi. No, *Ptolomy*, to that, Ile ne'r agree,
 Fortune, shall never judge 'twixt you, and me ;
 Blindly, she does her Favours oft bestow,
 Our Happiness, shall from our Merits flow :
 So *Parisatis*, judgement best shall give,
 Which of us two, shall die, and which shall live.

Pto. *Lyfimachus*, that way, does worse appear,
 All we can do, can never merit her,
 She, like the Gods, is mounted far above,
 The reach, of all our merits, or our Love.
 Then, let not her, that cruel judgement give,
 One, to condemn, to make the other live,

The Siege of Babylon.

She, of that doom must certainly repent,
Make Fortune judge, and keep her innocent.

Lys. You cannot place her, in your Thoughts, too high,
And I fall down to her Divinity,
She, like the Gods above, can never err,
All must be just, and good, that comes from her.

Pro. Think not, I poorly prize my life, above,
Or your high Friendship, or my own just love,
Yet since, but one of us can her obtain,
Let fortune judge, which of us shall be slain:
Condemn'd by Fortune, I shall die with joy,
But her Refusal doubly would destroy.

Lys. Refus'd by her, death will a pleasure grow,
But flatter'ing Hope, makes Death more cruel show,
'Twere just for him, whom she refus'd to die,

Pro. That Justice then adds to his misery.

Lys. Whil'st Love, does either with some hope inspire,
Deaths cold embrace, unjustly we desire.

Pro. If now I die, by yours, or my own hand,
I die, before I did my Love offend,
But once refus'd by her, I guilty grow,
For her refusal only, makes me so:
My Death, will then, to every one appear,
Not the effect of Love, but of despair.
If she accept me, I can know no Joy,
Since my good Fortune, must my Love destroy.

Lys. As great as yours, I dare pronounce my Flame,
Tho yours so 'unruly seems, and mine so tame,
The Gods, with greater Love, can none inspire,
Nor can your Breast, feel a more scorching Fire:
Yet Love, shall never make my Sword divide,
That knot of Friendship, which we two have ty'd.

Ptol. Wh' should I, in suspense, one moment be,
When my own hand, holds my own destiny?
This Sword, can quickly finish, all our strife,
By cutting off my own, or your much dearer life.
Empire, our Friendships bounds, could not remove,
We parted stakes, but can't do so, in Love:
Two Kings may friendly sit, upon one Throne,
But in Loves Empire, one must reign alone,

The Siege of Babylon.

3

Since she, whom we adore, we can't divide,
We with our swords, our quarrel must decide.
Let this the greatness, of my passion speak,
When, for my love, I must our friendship break.

Lys. No, *Ptolomy*, this Sword shall ne'r offend
The man, whom I so long have call'd my friend;
And so much honour in thy soul does dwell,
Thy unresisting friend, thou dar'st not kill.

Ptol. Lay by that Name, for in it lies a charm,
Which does my Soul, of all its rage disarm,
My blood grows stiff, and cold; that sacred Name,
Strives to extinguish my unruly flame,
But that Charm, by a greater Ple remove,
My Friendship must, and shall give way to Love.
My life, I for my friend, would sacrifice,
But for my Love, that Friend I must despise.
Defend thy self——

Lys. Since Friendship's sacred name, so weak does prove,
Here wound her Image, whom we both do love,
That beauteous Image, to us both so dear,
Will deeply graven in my heart appear;
Strike home, and to our quarrel put an end,
Dispatch at once your Rival, and your Friend.

*Whilst Ptolomy stands in a fighting posture, with
his Swords point towards the breast of Lyfimachus,
who spreads open his arms.*

Enter Orontes and Araxis.

Oron. Is this a time, for friends to disagree?
With joy our Souldiers, for th' Assault prepare,
But wonder much, where their brave Leaders are.
Me-thinks that Love, which your two Souls inspires,
Should quicken, and add wings, to your desires;
'Tis just, we first, our Princesses redeem,
Before we offer, to dispute for them.
Remember, Sirs, these Walls our Loves inclose,
Remember, they are Pris'ners, to our Foes.
Embrace, embrace, and let us hast away,
Our Souldiers, in their arms, do for us stay;

The Siege of Babyion.

Each minute now, seems a long age to me,
Till we have set the fair *Statyra* free.

Prot. 'Tis true, *Orontes*, to my self I seem,
Like those who sleeping walk, and talking dream.
My 'unquiet passions now are grown so strong,
Against my will, they hurry me along;
I act, what sense, nor reason, can't approve,
And unprovok'd would kill the Friend I love;
'Gainst my own heart, I all my forces bend,
And e're I gain my Mistress, lose my Friend;
Pity me then, when forc'd by cruel Fate,
I do those things, which tho I do, I hate.

Ly. Come, *Protomy*, let's set our Princess free,
Let us like Friends, in that just Act agree,
And then the Combat, for which you now sue,
Ple force my friendship, to require of you.

Prot. Ple yield to that, 'tis but a just delay,
Orontes, now to danger, lead the way.

Oron. What various shapes, does mighty love put on!
How different, to us, seems his power to be!
Here dark as night, there brighter than the Sun;
Here a Calm deep, there a rough raging sea,
In every breast, he hath a different sway,
Whilst the whole world, does his great power obey.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Palace within Babyion.*

Enter Queen Statira, Parisatis, and Cleone.

Sta. Ye Gods of *Persia*, and thou chief, the Sun,
What crimes have we, or our Forefathers, done,
That ye thus load, with misery and disgrace,
The small remains, of great *Darius* Race?
O happy Swains! who innocently free,
The pains of greatness, at a distance see:
Ye gaze at us, and happy call our State,
And oft do envy, what we most do hate.

Par. Sister, since nothing can dark Fate withstand,
For Fate, doth ev'n the Gods themselves command,

To

The Siege of Babylon.

5

To its decree, they do themselves submit,
Which shows their Godheads, have less power, than it.
If then our ruine be decreed, why shou'd
We mourn for that, which cannot be withstood?
But since, Man cannot in Fates black Book read,
And that we know not, what is fore-decreed,
Hope, like a glimmering Star, in night, does rise,
And gives some comfort, in our miseries.
Our Friends without, may yet successful prove,
Valour does wonders, when inspir'd by love.

Stat. Ah! *Paris*, 'tis not death I fear,
Honour, than life, to me, is far more dear;
To you, I may confess, without offence,
I next to Honour, prize the *Scythian* Prince,
Whose noble Acts, my Heart, long since, did move,
E're I did yield, to *Alexander's* love.
For his sake, then, I am oblig'd to live,
Since he, from me, does all his joys receive.
But when, I think, what dangers him surround,
A thousand fears, my much griev'd soul, do wound,
Such is his love; such his respect, for me,
I know, he'll either die, or set me free.

Pari. That fear is just, which does your soul subdue,
But have not I the same concern for two?
Two noble Friends, whose virtues I approve,
As once in War, so Rivals, now, in Love.
Your troubles, Sister, less than mine appear,
You but for one, but I, for two do fear.

Stat. Weak are those streams, which in two channels run,
The deep, and violent, always flow in one.
You both their virtues, may perhaps approve,
May both respect, and yet but one may love.
Reason, in love, we take not for our guide,
Whilst things are, by magnetick Nature, try'd:
For whilst you equally, their virtues prize,
Your Soul with one alone, does sympathize.

Pari. So great, is their united friendship grown,
They are no longer counted two, but one.
One Mind, one Will, to them Heav'n seems to give,
And but one Soul, does in both Bodies live:

And

The Siege of Babylon.

And this one Soul, in both, breeds one desire;
And burns in one, and the same, amorous fire :
So I, in loving both, do love but one.

Stat. Sister, the love, you speak of, you will find,
But like a flash of Lightning, in your mind.
The end, of virtuous love, is to enjoy,
But yours, unnatural, must that end destroy :
Though you, love both alike, yet you'd be loth
We should believe, you would enjoy them both.

Pari. But, Sister, if I can enjoy but one,
The Gods, not I, shall make that choice alone.
I hold, the equal Ballance in my hand,
Where, both their loves, and virtues, equal stand.
If then, I should my self, on one bestow,
I should be most unjust, and partial grow.

Stat. Strange is your love, fantastick is their fate,
For you destroy, that happiness, you create :
If happy, in your love, they seem to be,
Your equal mind, destroys their vain felicity.

Enter Perdicas.

Perd. The Trumpets, Madam, me to danger call,
Our valiant Foes, begin to scale the Wall,
Nothing it seems, their courage can affright,
Nor the Moats depth, nor the Walls dreadful height.
This desperate assault, does but declare,
It is the last Effort, of their despair.
But, ere I go, their fury to withstand,
Madam, I'm come, to know what you'll command.

Stat. You, *Perdicas*, are too imperious grown,
And as you please, you now command the Throne,
For though, I was your Royal Master's Wife,
I must my Empire quit, to save my life.
You, and *Roxana*, now do all things sway,
You will not me, but I must you obey.

Perd. Humbly, before your Feet, I prostrate fall,
I have no power—you my great Queen have all.
What I possess, to love I sacrifice,
And live by th' influence, of those beauteous eyes.

How oft, in vain, do I your pity crave,
Your mercy beg, as humbly, as your Slave?
Did I not thus, with reverence you adore,
I should command, what I so oft implore.

Stat. If I am Queen, as sure I ought to be,
You should obey my will, and set me free.
I with one word, could all your Foes subdue,
Were I not by *Roxana* held, and you.
For me, and for my liberty, they fight,
Whilst you detain me, and oppose my Right.
You urge your Love, but make it show like Hate;
For what has Love to do with tricks of State?
You sue to me, yet let *Roxana* sway,
Pretend to love, and yet can disobey.

Perd. Madam, should I obey, I were undone,
You quickly would leave me, and *Babylon*.
This gentle force, my Love's constrain'd to choose,
Left I should you, fair Queen, for ever loose.
My life is measur'd, only by your stay,
And death approaches, as you go away.
If with the proud *Roxana*, I comply,
It is to shield you, from her cruelty.

Pari. To Love, and Duty, badly he pretends,
Who does his Queen restrain, and fights her Friends.

Stat. Indeed our Interests, do but badly close,
When those I call my Friends, he counts his Foes.

Perd. Those you call Friends, indeed, I would subdue,
But fight them not, because they're Friends to you;
They'd pluck you from my Arms, and with you all
That I can good, or dear, or happy call.
I should of Love, but evil Symptoms show,
Should I submit, and tamely let you go:
He that would have you, must my Life pursue,
And by my death alone, must purchase you.

Enter Souldier.

Sold. Your presence, Sir, *Cassander* does desire,
Your Souldiers beaten, from the Walls retire:
The Enemy hath such bold fury shown,
The like till now, I think was never known.

They

The Siege of Babylon.

They rear their scaling Ladders, round the Wall,
 Though Shot as thick as hail, upon them fall;
 With Rams, and Slings, the Battlements they beat,
 And force your men, with fire-balls, to retreat.
 Up their tall Ladders, in thick swarms they fly,
 And with their warlike shouts, they rend the sky.

Perd. Let them mount up, and let them enter in,
 We've men enough, to beat them forth ag'in.

Sold. The Scythian Prince, his Shield over his head,
 The way to Honour, and to danger led:
 And spite of all resistance, that was made,
 He gain'd the wall, and there alone he stay'd.
 There fighting, like wild Boars, with wounds enrag'd,
 I left *Cassander*, and that Prince engag'd.

Perd. Madam, for your commands, I only stay.

Stat. Ple not command ———

But, if you will oblige me, as you say,
 Spare those that fall, with in your power, to day.

Perd. How much I love, my Actions shall declare,
 When I the Life, of my lov'd Rival spare. *Exit with the Soldier.*

Stat. Ye Gods above, that generous Life defend,
 Which Love alone, into such danger brings,
 Let not his Fate, on our bad Fate depend,
 Th'illustrious off-spring of so many Kings.
 For, if you have decreed, that we shall dye,
 Involve not him, in our sad Ruines too;
 Grant him that peace, which you to us deny,
 And us alone, with your fierce wrath pursue.

Pari. The Gods are just, and justly all things sway,
 Let's then to their just wills, our selves submit;
 And without murmuring, their wills obey,
 For they best know, what's for poor Mortals fit.
 We our own Peace, and happiness destroy,
 Whil'st we with fear, and grief, our selves annoy.

Stat. Your wife, yet vain Philosophy, I hear,
 Yet see, your smother'd troubles, in your eye;
 That Heart is senceless, that is void, of Fear,
 When, such a load of ills, does on it lye.
 Let's to the Altars, of our Gods repair,
 And force them, to be kind, with Incense, and with Prayer. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

The Siege of Babylon.

9

SCENE III. *The Royal Palace in Babylon.*

Enter Roxana, and Hefione.

Rox. This day, *Hefione*, I shall happy be,
If the Just Gods, make good their own Decree.

Hefi. The Oracle, I do remember well,
Which, did long since, this famous Siege foretell,

Roxa. Such pleasing words, can never be forgot,
For, in my memory, they are deeply wrot,
Thus spake, th' inspired Priest——

*When Babylon, shall Stormed be,
By him, whom thou dost Love,
That Day, auspicious shall to thee,
Above all others, Prove:
The Objects, of thy Love, and Hate,
Shall, from thy Hands, receive their Fate.*

*Those Hours, which then, shall smile on thee
If thou know'st, how to use,
Thou may'st, for ever, happy be,
Or Foes, for ever loose.
In thy own Hand, thy own Fate lyes,
If Bad, blame not the Deities.*

Such Favours, may the Gods, again, refuse,
If I, through Folly, should their Gifts abuse.
I'll willingly submit, to any Fate,
When I have satisfy'd, my Love, and Hate.

Hefi. Madam, this Day, you shall have your desire,
You shall *Orontes*, and *Statira* see,
Below your Feet, waiting their Destinie.
But whil'st, you hold their Fates, in your own Hand,
You on a nice, and ticklish poynt do stand,
You have the power, but how to use it, there
Lyes all the Danger, and deserves your Care.

Roxa. The Gods assist the Bold, whilst Cowards be
The Framers, of their own ill Destinie.

C

Hefi.

The Siege of Babylon.

Hesi. Your wisdom, Madam, mighty things has done,
That, won you *Alexander's* Heart, and Throne.

Roxa. But yet, that wisdom never could remove
Cruel *Orontes*, from his fixed Love.

Hesi. The Gods, at last, your pains will Recompence,
And put into your Hands, that Cruel Prince.

Roxa. We must not leave, all for the Gods to do,
To Princes, they have giv'n some power too.
They shew the opportunity, and way,
But we, our selves, must act, as well as they.
Whilst *Perdiccas*, that watchful Dragon's, gone,
And left my Rival, and his Care alone,
I've sent my Guards, to seize her, and when she
Is in my Power, then I shall happy be.

Enter Statira, Parisatis, and Cleone. Guard.

Stat. It seems, *Roxana*, you will reigne alone,
In my great Fathers, and my Husbands Throne.

Roxa. At your bad Fate, and at the Gods repine,
That Throne, indeed was theirs— but now is mine.

Stat. Long since, in secret you have me betray'd,
But now, my Right, you openly invade.

Roxa. My Power, will make my Right be understood,
By that our Husband, made his Title good.

Stat. But if your Right, must by success be try'd;
The Gods, as yet, declare not on your side:
For, our brave Friends, who nobly take our part,
May yet our Right, with their success assert.

Roxa. Let what will happen, you may understand,
You're Pris'ners, and your Fate I now command.

Stat. I scorn, *Roxana*, for my Life, to sue,
I'de not accept it, as a Gift, from you.
Since, I'm your Rival, in your Throne, and Love,
There is some Reason, you should me remove.
But, let not my dear Sisters blood, be spilt,
Her Innocence, involve not with my Guilt.

Pari. Till now, my Sister, you were ne'r unkind,
Thinke not to fly, and leave me here behind.
We both will dye, if Death be her intent.

Roxa. *Statira*, yet may both your deaths prevent.

The Siege of Babylon.

11

If she'll *Orontes*, and his Love disown,
She shall not only live, but share the Throne.

Stat. *Orontes* is all virtue,
And all you offer, if compar'd to Him,
Below, that generous Prince's worth, does seem;
Than Life, or Crown, he is a greater prize,
And for his friendship, I do both despise.

Roxa. With your own mouth, you have pronounc'd your fate,
Go pray—your lives have but a little date.
Secure them Guard—you in my pow'r are now,
I have resolv'd your death, and sworn it too.

Stat. You can't, *Roxana*, fright them with that doom,
Who, have before, the fear of death o'recome.

[*Exeunt Statira, Parisatis, and Guard*]

Enter Cassander wounded, Souldiers with Orontes bound.

Cass. Madam, your strict commands, I have obey'd:
Love, more than other int'rest, can perswade.
By these, my numerous wounds, and loss of blood,
My faithful duty, may be understood.
Can I more proof, of my obedience give,
Than to permit, my greatest Foe, to live?

Roxa. I do, *Cassander*, this great kindness own,
Which makes, the greatness, of your passion known.
Retire, and let your glorious wounds, be dress'd,
This service shall be written, in my breast.

Cass. My Pris'ner, to your care, I here resign. [*Exit Cass.*]

Roxa. I am his Pris'ner, more than he is mine. [*aside.*]
Soldiers retire, in the next Chamber stay. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]
You look on me, *Orontes*, as your Foe,
Yet 'tis my kindness, which does life bestow.

Oron. The life you gave me, you may take away,
That debt to you, I'm ready still to pay.

Roxa. I did not give you life, with that intent,
And scorn, so soon, my kindness to repent.

Oron. In giving life, you have no kindness shown,
But you, and all your kindness, I disown.

Roxa. What greater proofs, of kindness, can I show,
Than still, to keep my heart, intire for you?

The Siege of Babylon.

I love----Let me not name, that word again,
Gods! that a Queen should blush at your disdain.

Oron. 'Tis that unruly passion, in your breast,
Has robb'd my soul, of all its joy, and rest.

Roxa. Can my kind love, disquiet your repose?

Oron. You call that love, which more like hatred shows.

Roxa. By that alone----

You may the greatness, of my passion see.

Oron. By that, I know, you love your self, not me.

For, you would never seek, your own delight,
If your fierce soul, knew how to love aright.

Roxa. It is that passion, which for you I have,
That makes of me, a pow'rful Queen, a Slave.
Repentance, is beneath me, P'le go on,
And end the work, I have so well begun,
And, if at last, you do my hopes destroy,
She, whom you love, you never shall enjoy.

Oron. Such vicious love, I ever shall refuse.

Roxa. Your life, and death, within my pow'r, does lye,
I'll make you love me, Prince, or you shall die.

Oron. In vain, you think t'affright me, with my Fate,
Death is more welcome, than the thing I hate.

Roxa. So much disdain, can be no longer born,
It has rous'd up, my anger, and my scorn.

Orontes, now, the diff'rence shall be seen,
Betwixt the love, and anger of a Queen.

Enter Guards.

Guards!----

Secure this Pris'oner, with your greatest care,
And on your lives, let none to him repair.

Load him with chains----

[*Exeunt Guards and Orontes.*]

I soft, and gentle means, no more will try,

Orontes, and *Statira* both, shall dye:

The Gods, have put them, in my pow'r this day,
To let them 'scape, would my own cause, betray.

P'le love no more---- His scorn has rais'd my hate,

Nor, with my passion, will I more debate:

Lest foolish love, should my Resolves oppose,

P'le kill 'um, while the Storm of anger blows.

Freedom,

Freedom, to me, his death, can give alone,
And hers, will fix me, steadfast in my Throne:
From diff'rent causes, both shall find one fate,
Love kills *Orontes*, and *Statira* hate.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. I.

The SCENE, *The Camp under the Walls of Babylon.*

Enter Eumenes and Lyfimachus, leading Ptolomy wounded.

Lyfi. Great, as your passion, you have courage shown,
But Fortune, has your mighty deeds o'rthrown,
And she, into whose hands, you would have lay'd
The treasure of your love, has you betray'd.
Yet I, by virtue, will my love advance,
And no advantage take, of Arms, or Chance.

Ptol. Bright Honour, all your glorious actions sways,
And Crowns your Brows, with Mirtle, and with Bays.
Against your life, this day I had design,
Yet you, with hazard, of your own, sav'd mine,
Stopping the progress, of your great success,
You ran, to save a Rival, in distress.

Lyfi. If, to a Rival, I did succour lend,
It was, because, that Rival was my friend:
But Fortune had, in giving death to you,
Depriv'd my love, of all its glory too:
With what bright lustre, will my true love shine,
When virtue gives it conquest, over thine?

Ptol. That virtue, which shines in your Soul so clear,
Does, in my breast, raise jealousy, and fear;
I doubt, the pow'r of its illustrious charms,
Will ravish *Parifatis*, from my Arms.
But tho, I see your Trophies in the Field,
And know your pow'r, yet I can never yield,
In Arms, brave Rival, me you are above,
But yet, I will your equal be, in love:

In that alone, I will with you contend,
Though I oppose my Reason, and my Friend.

Zyfi. I should esteem you less, if you should prove
More constant in your Friendship, than your love:
If, in your love, you could inconstant be,
I should believe, you might be so to me.
Nor did I shew my kindness, on that score,
My Thoughts were not, so very mean, and poor:
Love on, and with me, still in love contend,
If you more Rival grow, I'll grow more Friend.

Ptol. Friend! let me die, lest I ungrateful prove,
I can die for you, but not cease to love.

Eume. 'Tis time, brave Friends, to end this generous strife,
And, to your smarting Wounds, some ease to give.

Ptol. From hence, *Eumenes*, I will never goe,
'Till brave *Orontes* Destiny I know.

Eume. Tho' he my Quarter, next to his assign'd,
The Great *Thalestris*, took up all my mind,
Such wonders, did that brave Virago do,
As rais'd love, in my breast, and envy too.
I saw her lead, her valiant women on,
And boldly, to the greatest dangers run,
Not for my self, but much for her afraid,
I always nigh her fought, to give her aid.
When I stones falling, on her head, beheld,
I ran between, and caught them on my Shield:
I watch'd the darts, as from the Walls they flew,
And between them, and Her, my self I threw.
But she, disdainful, did my kindness shun,
And more provok'd, did more on dangers run,
'Till she, at last receiv'd a dangerous blow,
Which, to the ground, did the brave Queen o'rthrow.

Zyfi. But where is now, our gallant Amazon?

Eume. Sir, she is, to the General's Quarter gon,
For she had heard, a murmuring Rumour tell,
That in th' Assault, the brave *Orontes* fell.

Enter Thalestris, Araxis, and Guard of Amazons.

But see, she's here-----

Zyfi. Where is *Orontes*?-----

Thal.

Thal.

Thal. *Araxis* best does know.

Arax. I know not, whether he now lives, or no,
I'm yet amaz'd, to think, what he has done,
For by himself, he *Babylon* has won.
Nothing could force his Courage, to retire,
Which prest th'row Storms of Stones, of Darts, and Fire.
In spite of all, my Master forward went,
Till he, at last, had gain'd the Battlement,
There like some God, he threat'ned the whole Town,
And all their Force, and Rage sustain'd alone,
For tho, his Souldiers did no Courage lack
They were, by force of Arms, all beaten back.

Lyfi. If brave *Orontes* lives, wee'l set him free,

Eume. If dead, we will revenge his Destinie.

Ptol. We the proud Mistrefs, of the World, will burn,
And all her lofty Spires, to Ashes turn.

Thal. Let us, this Night, for a new storm prepare,
Fortune, does oftentimes, change sides in War,
Though now, we have receiv'd the worst, in fight,
Let's try, to assault them, favour'd by the night.
After success, we may expect the Foe,
More negligent, and more secure will grow.

Lyfi. We'll to the General's Tent withdraw, and straight
In Counsel, what you now propose, debate. [*Ex. Lyfi. and Ptol.*]

Arax. To enter *Babylon* disguis'd, I'll try;
And serve my Master, and his Friends, or dye:
Fortune, assist me, and propitious be,
And I'll build Altars, to thy Deitie.

[*Exit.*]

Eume. Madam, how like the Sea, when calm, you show,
So soft your aspect, and so smooth, your brow;
But once, this day, when you grew rough in Arms,
You seem'd to me, like the Wild Seas, in Storms.
The quiet Sea, does some soft pleasure yield,
But its great power, in Tempests is beheld,
His dreadful majesty, then best appears,
When he shoots up his Waves, to the bright Stars.
Tho' you seem sweet, in your soft smiling Charmes,
You are more noble, in your dreadful Arms.
'Twas that fierce bravery, which I saw in you,
That only could, my untam'd Heart, subdue.

The Siege of Babylon.

From gentle Eyes, often proceed's Love's flame,
But mine, more strange, from their fierce Lightning came.

Thal. And so it seems, Since you so boldly dare
To me, an Amazon, your Love declare :
But since, my fierceness, did your Love beget,
I ever, will your Love, with fierceness treat :
With Anger, Pride, with Furie, and Disdain,
And not with Smiles, your Love I'll entertain.

Eume. Soft Love, will all your Anger, soon assuage,
Or, with my Blood, I will appease your Rage.

Thal. In Armes, and Wars, we Amazons delight,
We are all bred, to labour, and to fight.
Love, Ease, and Softness, we as evils shun,
But soon to Battels, and to dangers run.
If among us, any weak Cowards be,
We make them Slaves, to serve the valiant free,
Or banish them, as Bees, drones from their hive.

Eume. Ah ! that the God of Love, his power would shew,
And with his powerful Armes, your Heart subdue :
That you might taste, what Joys, in Love abide,
And know the pain, to be of Love deny'd.

Thal. My women doe the Joys of Conquest know,
No pain like that, of flying from the foe.
Our joys, and paines, both real are, and true,
None, those of Love, but in their fancies knew.
We the Chemera laugh at, more than hate,
Which your false joyes, and punishments create.

Thal. Hither, *Eumenes*, I for Glory came,
Drawn by the Valiant *Alexanders* Fame,
By wars, my Fame, and Knowledg to improve,
And not to hear, your idle talk of Love.
Let Love, and Peace, to weaker souls seem good,
They're things, which can't, by us be understood.

Eume. But when, the sweets, of gentle Love, you find,
You, both to Love, and me, will grow more kind,
The God of War, o'ecome, by Love's soft Charmes,
Pliant and gentle grew, though fierce in Armes.

Thal. Fierce War, with us, does ever make abode,
Which frights away, that little lazy God,

The Siege of Babylon.

17

To peaceful, and luxurious Courts he flies,
To fair soft Bosoms, and to wanton eyes :
The noyse of Trumpets, from us drives him far,
He still delights, in peace, no businels has, in War.

Eume. But yet, your Women, deal with love, and peace,
Our Capadocians, help them to increase.

Thal. I blush to hear it, tho Confess it true,
Our Women, heretofore, have met with you,
Nature, not love, did to this Rigour bind,
They only sought you, to preserve their Kind :
To what the Law of Nature, does Ordain,
They have submitted, tho with grief, and pain,
But I, that evil Custom, so abhor,
My Subjects P'le Command, to use't no more,
And e're P'le stoop, to do a thing so base,
P'le be the last, of our illustrious Race :
Since, without men, there can no issue be,
Our glorious Empire, shall have end in me.

Eume. Rather, fair Queen, the Laws, of love, obey,
They teach a gentler, and more noble way :
To Compass your Desires, and men subdue,
At once, to make us Slaves, and Victors too,
O'recome us, Madam, with your natural Charms,
Let us fall, by your eyes, not by your Arms. i
For Woman Man, for Man was Woman made,
Each was Created, for the others aid :
Then, whilst you live, without us Men, so long,
You the Divinity of love, and Nature wrong,
Lay now aside, at length, of men, your Hate,
And let, each Woman, choose a loving Mate,
Your Empire, that way, shall continued be,
And you, your beauteous self, increas'd shall see.

Thal. *Eumenes* this is Treason, 'gainst our State,
Which will not love inspire, but move my hate.

Eume. In what I can, Madam, I will obey,
So I may love, do you prescribe the Way,

Thal. If I should now, to let you love, consent,
It shall be only, for your punishment :
Love then,—but look, for nothing, but disdain,
Love without hope, to be below'd again.

Exit cum suis.
Eume.

The Siege of Babylon.

Eume. Her Soul is marble, and she can't be mov'd,
 She cannot love, nor will she be belov'd.
 Her Heart is steel, loves form, it will not take,
 Love there, tho sharp, can no impression make:
 But I must love, tho I still love in vain,
 Tho without hope, and answerd with disdain:
 With Constancy, I will her love pursue,
 Who knows, but Constancy, may her subdue,
 That in her Breast, at last, may love imprint,
 And make more soft, that Heart, which now is flint. [Exit.

The SCENE A Prison.

Enter Roxana.

Roxa. I am affraid, the Lightning, of his eyes,
 Will pierce my Breast, and my soft Heart, surprisè.
 How hard a thing, it is to break, love's Chain,
 And not to think, that pleasure, which is pain.
 But love, no longer, shall my Soul infest,
 I with revengeful Rage, have arm'd my Breast.
 Since, with disdain, he did my love deny,
 I will the pleasure have, to make him die.
 This is the Way-----

The Scene opens, and discovers Orontes bound in Chains.

Speak now *Orontes*, e're it be too late,
 Will you have life, with love, or Death, with Hate?
 Your Fate, does now, depend on your own Breath,
 In your own Choice, is either life, or Death.

Oron. He were unworthy, of *Statira's* love,
 Who would for fear, of Death, unconstant prove.
 As, for her sake, I'd be content to live, {Draws a dagger
 So for her, willingly, I death receive. {out of her sleeve.

Roxa. Then Death I bring-----Disdainful man: stand fair,
 This, from thy Breast, *Statira's* Form shall tare.
 Incens'd, I will a merciless Tyrant prove,
 And Stab that Heart, will not admit my love.
 I'll laugh, with joy, to see thy life expire,
 And with thy Blood, I'll quench thy amorous fire.

Oron.

The Siege of Babylon.

19

Oron. Strike boldly then——play well, the Tyrants part,
You'll find, an easie way, to my unguarded Heart.

Except my Queen, nothing that's here beneath,

Appears, so welcome, to me, now, as Death:

For since my Fate, does her I love deny,

With joy I fall, and with Content, I die.

*{advances with
her Dagger.*

Roxa. Then thus, *Orontes*, I will end our strife,
This blow, shall cut my love off, and thy life.

What trembling's this, has seiz'd my Heart, and Arm?

There's magick in his Looks, in's Eyes a Charm.

[aside.

I find, I cannot my Intent's pursue,

I feel, some kind of foolish pitty too.

I've thought on't now——It shall be soe——

Oron. What now *Roxana*? Delay tortures me.

The Death you bring, to me, does pleasant seem,

'Twill wake me, from a sad, unquiet Dream:

It will give ease, to my afflicted mind,

And make me think, in this last Act, you'r Kind.

Roxa. Nay, Sir, since you, unwilling are to live,

I will, to punish you, grant a Reprieve.

You shan't find pleasure, in that Death I bring,

Death, is not Death, unless it has a sting.

Some other way, Ple satisfie my hate,

Your Eyes, shall first behold, my Rivals Fate,

For since her Life, you, to your own, prefer,

Before thou dy'st I'll kill thee, first, in her.

[going on.

Oron. Stay, Tyrant stay, be not so inhumane,

Will you not kill, unless you kill, with pain?

If by my scorn, I merit your Revenge,

Act not your hatred, in a way so strange.

Kill the offender, do not spare his blood,

But murder not the Innocent, and good.

Roxa. If she be good, she fitter is to die.

Oron. And does no pitty in your Bosome lie?

Roxa. Let pitty, and good Nature dwell elsewhere,

I have more strong, and violent Passions there.

Oron. Can then no Prayers, your great wrath, assuage?

Roxa. No more, than they can still, the Oceans Rage.

The great Concern, you for my Rival show,

Does but the more provoke, to speed the blow.

The Siege of Babylon.

Oron. To save her life, what is't I would not do :
 Yet can't perform, what is requir'd by you.
 I can't put out, loves great, and sacred fire,
 The Gods can only quench, what they inspire.
 Some other way propose ———

Roxa. In Vain, *Orontes*, now, to me you sue,
 For I have learn't, how to deny, by you.
 You say, I things impossible require,
 And yet, the same, you now of me desire.
 If to save her, you can't your love subdue,
 Hate's not less strong in me, than love in you.
 That says, you must, to this Decree submit,
 To see *Statira* slain, or her for ever quit,

Oron. The choice is hard, *Roxana*——Let her live
 And all thy Injuries, I will forgive.
 My Hate of thee, Ple from my Breast remove,
 And that is more, than half the way, to love.

Roxa. To hear him thus intreat, I dare not stay,
 My passion will, at last, it self betray. [*aside*
 I will no longer trifle thus, with you,
 You know my will, and what you have to do.
 Think on't—I but a little Time will give,
 To make your choice, if she shall die, or live. [*Exit*

Oron. As men, in storms, a sinking Barque, to free,
 Are forc'd to fling their wealth, into the Sea.
 To save *Statira's* life, I now must quit,
 My constant love, and the rich joys of it.
 But Earth, as soon, may from it's Centre move,
 As I can force my self, to leave my love.
 Nor can I let her die——no, no, in vain
Roxana thinks, to keep me with this Chain,
 No cruel Queen, from all thy Tyrannie,
 And from these Chains, Death soon shall set me free.

The scene Closes

ACT

A C T. III.

The SCENE, Babylon.

Enter Cassander and Perdiccas meeting him with his Guard.

Perd. **W**Hat sadness is't, *Cassander*, moves you now?
It ill becomes, the Laurels on your brow:
This Day, I did believe, that I should see
You full of smiles, after our Victorie.

Cass. If I am sad, after our great success,
Me thinks, your Looks, Sir, do no Calm express:
If dark, and shady Clouds, hang in my Eyes,
I see in yours, a storm begin to rise.

Perd. Whilst I to wounds, and Death, my self expose,
Killing my Friends, because *Roxana's* foes,
She gets my' ador'd *Statira*. int' her power,
And keeps her pris'ner, in the Palace Tower:
But I am going, thence to set her free,
And with my sword, to give her Libertie.

Cass. Whilst I, for her, to wounds, and dangers go,
And, 'gainst my Int'rest, save my greatest foe,
Whilst her commands, I carefully obey,
And yield this mighty Empire, to her sway,
She meets my Love, with a disdainful frown,
And him, who scorns her, with her Love, does Crown,

Perd. Our Love, and Int'rest, should us two conjoin
It is one Man, disturbs your peace, and mine:
'Tis fit *Orontes* then should dye, that he
May never more disquiet you, or me.

Cass. Yes he shall dye, by all the Gods I vow,
This Arm shall, shortly, give the fatal blow.

Perd. By all the Gods, if in my power it lies,
When I first see him, by this Arm he dies:
And when we have this obstacle remov'd,
We shall be kindlier us'd, and more belov'd.

Cass.

The Siege of Babylon.

Cass. Their furious Love, will cool, and we shall find
Our Queens, who now disdain us, grow more kind.

[Exeunt severally.]

The SCENE, *The Palace Royal in Babylon.*

Enter Roxana, and Hefione.

Rox. Who are in love, at all times can't be wise,
Passion, o'recomes our weaker pollicies.
Who in safe peace, and undisturb'd would reign,
Should have no passions, yet oft passions feign.
Our Reason, and our Judgment they infest,
And open lay, the secrets of our Breast.

Hefi. Madam, of all the Passions, Love's most bold,
And still is found, most hard to be control'd.

Rox. Just now disturb'd, I from *Orentes* came,
Full of Revenge, of Anger, Love and Shame,
Being o'repowr'd, by their impetuous tide,
I could not my resistless Passions hide.
But at *Cassander*, did the Venom throw,
Of my Disdain; and Hate too plain did show.

Hefi. Pave wonder'd, Madam, with what skill, and Art,
You have kept under, his aspiring heart:
He cannot boast, that he in Love does thrive,
And yet, you keep his little hopes alive.

Rox. I know not, which has in my Heart, most share,
Love, or Ambition: both are mighty there,
I cannot be content, with one alone,
I'de have my Love, and not forgoe the Throne.
For Love's sake, *Perdicus* my Friend I stile, }
Ambition makes me on *Cassander* smile, }
Tho I intend, at last, both to beguile.

What noise is that?—

[Clasbing of swords within.]

Enter Guard.

Sold. *Perdicus*, Madam, on your Guard does fall,
I fear he'll force, *Statira* from us all.

Rox. Go, stop him wretch—make hast—stop him I say,
First dye, and with your Bodies, block his way. *[Exeunt Guard]*
This

The Siege of Babylon.

23

This amorous fool, will spoil my great designe.

Exeunt

Enter Perdicas fighting with the Guard.

Perd. I'll force my way, tho' you an Armie were.

Enter Roxana and Hefione.

Roxana snatches a sword from one of the Guard, and stops Perdicas.

Rox. How *Perdicas* ! Come further if you dare.

Over this Breast, you first must make your way.

Is this the great Respect you to me pay ?

Perd. Madam, you may account this Action rude,
'Tis better yet, than your Ingratitude :

Whilst Blood, and Life, I venture for your sake,

From me, what is more dear, than Life, you take.

Rox. You are too Rash---It was your good I sought,
And I will soon, make you confess your fault.

Command your Guards off---

Perd. Go wait without---

Rox. Retire you, to your charge.

Now, *Perdicas*, I will my mind disclose.

*To her Guard flings away
the sword.*

You, from my Rival, long have fought in vain,

For Love's deep wound, some Rem'edy to obtain :

To a deaf Statue, you do still complain.

You to a fenceless Rock, your Love make known,

And court a Mistress, with a heart of stone.

I for your Rival, the like pains endure,

Which He, you know, has still deny'd to cure.

He scorns my Love, and does my sickness mock,

And wears an Heart, far harder, than a Rock.

All gentle ways, we too, too long, have try'd,

Have humbly fought, but still have been deny'd.

No longer now, let us our pains endure,

A desperate Ill, must have a desperate Cure.

Perd. 'Tis true, all gentle means, I long have us'd

My hopes, and patience, I have found abus'd,

My tortur'd heart, for pain can hardly live,

And to my wounded soul, none ease can give :

But yet if pray'rs, won't make my Goddess kind,

I know not which way, you can force the mind.

Rox. The stubborn mind, like grown Oaks, will not bend,
You cannot bow them, but with force they rend.

So

So our stiff Rivals, won't with us comply,
 E're they will bow, and yield, they'l break, and dye.
 Death they dispise: I know our loves to shun,
 If Death be offer'd, both to Death will run.

Perd. If the stiff mind, can no way forced be,
 What is it, you'd propose, for Remedie?

Rox. Art must be us'd, and I have found a way,
 To make them both submit, and us obey.
 They both, above themselves, each other Love,
 And thorow one, we must the other move.
 Though either Death would choose, ere they'd comply,
 They'l yield, before they'l see each other dye.
 They'l tender grow, their Passions will be mov'd,
 To see Death offer'd, to the thing below'd:
 Then at your feet, you will *Statira* see,
 And I *Orontes*, supplicating me.

Perd. So great's the pain of Love, which I endure,
 I any means would try, to' obtain a Cure:
 We cut our Flesh, and put our selves to pain,
 A Freedom, from some sharp Disease, to gain,
 So I must stab, and wound my bleeding Heart,
 Whilst I procure, *Statira's* pain and smart.

Rox. That our Design, may to our wish succeed,
 Threaten with Death, but what you do, take heed.
 For if your Life, must with *Statira's* end,
 Upon *Orontes* Life, mine does depend.

Perd. Madam, I to your wisdom, and your Care
 Shall leave the management, of this Affair.
 I shall observe, all that you shall command,
 And take my blessing, from your bounteous hand.
 I with this subtle Queen, seem to comply,
 But I have vow'd, my Rival soon shall dye.
 With skilful cunning, she now plays her part,
 But I will countermine her Art, with Art.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit*

Rox. Thus Raging Beasts, we do with Ginns, insnare,
 And subtle slights, for mighty force prepare:
 The Elephant, and Horse, obey our will,
 And the fierce Lion's tam'd, by Art, and skill.
 If what I now design does take, 'tis well,
 If not (who can the event of things foretell?)

I for my safety, will so well provide,
That what seems jest, in earnest shall be try'd.
The Rival of my Love, and Crown, shall dye,
My' Ambition, and Revenge to satisfie:
But cunning *Perdicas*, deceiv'd must be,
With words, which do not with my Thoughts agree.
The Rash *Cassander*, I must too beguile,
And fix him, with the favour of a smile.
Hesione, send for *Cassander* strait,
And whilst, with you, he does my leisure wait,
Charm him with hopes, and my late frowns excuse,
'Tis no great sin, fond Lovers to abuse.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE, A Tower of the Palace.

Enter Statira and Parifatis.

Stat. Death, which each moment, we expect to see,
Is far less dreadful, than this news to me;
Whilst my *Orontes* was in safety, I
With less Concern, and more Content could dye:
But now, my soul oppress'd, with busie care,
Is ruff'd, and for Him, disturb'd with fear.

Par. But Sister, why are you disturb'd so much?
You know, *Roxana's* Love for him, is such,
You may assure your self, and well believe,
He no ill treatment, will from her receive.
What is it then, should so uncalm your mind?
Unless you're jealous she should be too kind:
But his great love, and constancy you know,
Nor all her Charms, and Arts, can overthrow.
This great attempt, and valiant Act does prove,
That he still wears, a true, and constant Love.

Stat. That constancy, you think should me secure
From Fear, does cause the Fear, I now endure,
For what will not, that wicked Woman dare,
To do, when Love is turn'd into Dispair?
Whilst she has hopes, her Love will make her kind,
When they are lost, she'll shew her cruel mind:
Rob'd of her Whelps, a Tygress will not be
So Cruel, and so full of Rage, as she.

E

Her

The Siege of Babylon.

Her Love's no pure, unmixt, and gentle Fire,
But is an impure Flame, an hot, untam'd Desire.

Pari. Are you content, he should inconstant prove,
To shun the Fate which threatens, his true Love?

Stat. Should I consent, should I request it too,
That is a thing, I know, he could not do.

Pari. In things that no ways remedy'd can be,
We must submit, to hard Necessitie:
By Death, our Troubles will to peace be chang'd,
And though we dye, we shan't dye unreveng'd.
We have two Friends, who with their armed powers,
Will soon revenge *Orontes* Death, and Ours.

Enter Cleone.

Cleo. The Captain of *Roxana's* Guard, does wait
Without, and asks to be admitted strait:
His business Madam, I can no ways learn,
But's looks betray, some great, and sad concern.

Stat. Go *Cleone*, and bring him in— [Exit *Cleone*
The unexpected news of Death, might fright,
But expectation, now, does make it light:
They who for it, beforehand do prepare,
When it approaches, don't like others fear.

Enter Captain with the Guard and Cleone.

Capt. By me the Queen, does let you understand,
(Madam, I must obey her strict command)
It is her pleasure, that yon strait must dye.

Stat. 'Tis what I expected, from her Cruelty.
She told me her self, what now I hear from you,
I then believ'd her Threats she would pursue,
Therefore, to dye, I have my self prepar'd,
But has the Tyrant, Sir, my sister spar'd?

Capt. I know not, Madam, what sh' intends to do,
My Orders, now, concern not her, but you.

Pari. In vain, she spares my Life, if she must die,
Nature, and Friendship, us together tie,
And they have knit a knot, can't be unti'd,
Nor shall her Tyranny, us two divide,
For the kind Gods, to us, a pow'r do give,
That, at our pleasure, we may cease to live.

Stat.

Stat. Sister, you ought to Death, no more to run,
Than you for fear, should its approaches shun :
On the Gods wills, with patience, you, must wait,
And neither, run to seek, nor shun your Fate.
When I am dead, I'll hover in the Air,
And there, I will unseen, of you take Care.
Adeu dear sister——

[Embrace]

——I'm assur'd my Friend
Will both Revenge me, and your Life defend.

Pari, Cruel *Roxana* ! thus to make us part,
Is from my Breast, to tare my living Heart.
Adeu dear sister——

[Embrace]

——Tho w' are parted thus
Death shall again, restore our Joys to us :
You, but few moments, shall before me go,
E're I'll o'retake you, in the shades below.

Stat. To what place is it, I must go to dye ?

Capt. 'Tis to *Orontes* Prison.——

Stat. What ! Will *Roxana* be so good, to me ?
Will she, once more, let me *Orontes* see ?
For this great kindness, I'll her wrongs forgive,
Tho after that, I but one moment live.

Capt. If kindness she designs, I do not know,
But, Madam, thither 'tis, that you must go.

Stat. Let's go then, Death it self seems pleasant, there,
This unexpected Joy, has banished fear.

[Exeunt *Capt.* *Stat.* and *Cleone* with *Guards*]

Pari. How fast, the Dream, of Greatness, slides away !
How soon is worldly Pomp, and Glory lost.
Fortune, with Princes, still delights to play,
And in their Ruines, does her great pow'r boast.
The great, stand high, on slippery Rocks, of Ice,
They cannot move, but they must move, in Fear,
Like seeming stars, that shoot down, from the Skies,
They tumble headlong, from their lofty Sphear.
Happy are they, who in poor Cabbins dwell,
And there content, rest on their humble Beds,
Great Joys, nor Griefs, enter their homely Cell,
Nor Cares, Distrusts, nor Fears, disturb their Heads:

Their pleasures small, but natural, and true :
Happy ! if their own happiness they knew.

[*Exit*

The SCENE, *The Prison of Orontes,*
He is discovered lying bound as before.

Oron. The Gods are deaf, to them I cry, in vain,
Unmov'd, they see, and pitty not our pain :
But since, for all our ills, one Cure they gave,
Why should we ask, what we already have ?
Death, to all Troubles, gives a gentle end,
Does Loves, the Worlds, and Natures faults, amend.
The way to Life's but one, not easily found,
To Death, the ways are plain, and do abound,
The Gods, put nothing, in our power more sure,
To shew, it was, for humane ills the Cure.
To thee, blest Cure, I now resolve to fly,
The last, but most assured, Remedy.

Enter Statira and Cleone.

Stat. Ah Prince ! what barbarous Heart, has bound those hands ?
And fetter'd them, with such unworthy Bands ?
Those hands, which have such glorious Actions done,
Which have so many Laurels nobly, won ?
Those hands, which were by Heav'n design'd, to bear
A Scepter, and not slavish Chains, to wear.
Can Love do this ? Can Love, in fetters bind ?
Can Love, thus cruel be ? and thus unkind ?

Oron. Since for your sake, I do these fetters ware,
Than Crowns, or Laurels, they more glorious are :
They're full of glory, and of pleasure too,
Crowns I prize less, than suffering for you.
Love's noble Bond, which binds my Heart, I prize,
And tho' your Slave, *Roxana's* Chains, dispise.

Stat. Those Chains, *Orontes*, are more justly mine,
Roxana meant them, for my hands, not thine :
She could no other way, with all her Art,
But by afflicting me, subdue your Heart.

She

She knew, that I could, my own sufferings, bear,
And understood, that yours, touch'd me more near.
This visit then, not from her kindness springs,
Her Cruelty, now, us together brings,
That by your suff'rings, I might Torment find,
And by my Torment, the might move your mind.

Oron. These suff'rings, Madam, I should count but light,
Did they not keep me from your beauteous sight,
Whilst I enjoy, that happiness, I find
No Grief, can touch, the quiet of my Mind,
Your sight, my Sorrows and my Grievs, destroys,
And hides all other Passions, in my Joys :
So the admir'd *Elixir* does enfold,
Such Virrue, which base Mettals turns, to Gold

Enter Perdicas, Roxana, Hefione, *with Guards and*
four Blacks with Crooked Scymiters by their sides,
and strangling Cords in their hands.

Roxa. Too long, too long, *Statira*, you have liv'd,
And me, of all my peaceful Joys, depriv'd,
My foolish pitty, has my Torment been,
But now, no more, against my self, I'll sin :
My Actions past, I'll not excuse to you,
Nor Reasons give, for what I, now, shall do,
It is by Pow'r, that Gods, and Kings do Reign,
And by my pow'r, I'll, now, my will obtain.
To these extreams, that Man, has made me fly, } *Pointing to*
'Tis he, has urg'd me, thus, to make you dy. } *Orontes*
For I have vow'd, you shall no longer live, } *[pointing to the*
From those black hands, you shall your Death, receive. } *black mutes*
Unless you will *Orontes*, now resign,
And what is more, perswade him to be mine.

Perd. And, I, *Orontes*, must to you declare,
That I have sworn, your Life, I will not spare,
If you will not *Statira* quit to me,
I now am Master of your Destinie,

Stat. I do not doubt, *Roxana*, but you will,
What you've design'd, with cruelty, fulfil.
For your black Crimes, to all the World proclame,
You have no fence of Honour, or of shame.

But end, what you've begun----for know that I
Your Pitty scorn, and Cruelty defie.

In vain, you think, to make me quit, for fear,
What is, than Life, a thousand times more dear.

To threaten me, with Death, in vain you try,
'Tis more to quit *Orontes*, than to dye.

Oron. This base Tyrannick way, you may pursue, [*To Perdicas*
Who ne'r yet Honour, or true Valour knew,

By them alone, you should advance your sute,
For her, with blood, and services dispute.

But, like a Robber, you have seiz'd your prey,
Tho' a more safe, yet more ignoble way.

In thee, what mark, of Valour can be found,

Who thus dost treat a Prince, who, like a Slave, is bound.

Perd. Thy Life, *Orontes*, now, at stake, does lye,
'Tis in her choyce, if you shall live, or dye. [*Pointing to Statira*

By thy advice, or of her own accord,

Let her resolve----

If she, *Orontes*, does thy Life esteem,

She soon, may thee, from Death, and Bonds, redeem.

Roxa. And if *Orontes*, does *Statira* love,
That Death, which threatens her, He may remove.

Determine strait, if Life, to her you'll give,

Few are the moments else, she has to live.

Oron. Fair Queen, what, is it, you resolve to do? [*To Statira*

Stat. What's just: I have resolv'd, to dye for you.

Oron. Your Life, fair Queen, is sacred, and divine,
More worth, than are a thousand, such as mine:

It is unjust, that you should dye, for me,

My Death, perhaps, may end your miserie.

Stat. You are unjust, if you my Death lament,

Or seek to hinder, this my last content.

For this, *Orontes*, is the only way,

I've left, my mighty debt, to you to pay.

Your Life, for me, you often did expose,

From me, your trouble, and your Danger grows,

You've made your Love, and Valour nobly known,

Which I till now, ne'r had the pow'r, to own.

But now, *Orontes*, I some proofs will give,

Since for your sake, I will no longer live.

That my Affection, to that hight is grown,
It can't, by fear of Death, be overthrown:
My Death, dear Prince, shall seale, my Love to you,
And witness for me, that my Love was true.

Oron. What happiness is this, you give to me!
Nothing can add, to my Felicity,
Now you, for me, have so great kindness shown,
And, what I ne'r deserv'd, your Love made known:
But, Madam, I request, and humbly sue,
That you will live, and let me die, for you.

Stat. Alas! in Life, in Liberty, or a Throne,
What pleasure can there be, when you are gone?
All our Felicities below, we find,
Are currant made, and measur'd by the mind:
From me, all joys, all pleasures, soon will fly,
And torments seize me, when my Prince shall dye
I'de have you live, *Orontes*-----but live mine,
You to *Roxana*, I can ne'r resign.
My Life, I can resign, and Empire too,
Those I can give her, but not give her you.

Oron. No, Madam, no, I here my promise give,
I will not, for the proud *Roxana*, live:
A thousand Deaths, I for your sake prefer,
To Life, and th' Empire of the World, with her.
Live then fair Queen---tho from you I depart,
My Image, still shall live, within your Heart:
And, *Perdicas*, since you to Love pretend,
Her, from *Roxana's* Cruelties, defend:
Keep her Life safe---I make it my last prayer,
My fair Queens safety, now is all my Care.
Assure, me, that she shall, in safety be,
And P'le forgive, what e're thou dost to me.

[To *Ferd.*

Stat. In *Perdicas's* pow'r, that does not lie,
For if you live not, I resolve to die.
And if I am not, by *Roxana*, slain,
By my own hand, that Freedom, P'le obtain.

Perd. Ah! Madam, do you thus resolve, at last?
Will you repay thus, all my kindness past?
I for your sake, have spar'd my greatest foe,
Shall my Indulgence, be rewarded so?

Stat.

The Siege of Babylon.

Stat. Yes, Sir, this firm Resolve, which now I make,
Not all your Threatnings, shall have power to shake.
There is no other way, to separate

Us two, but by my Death, for which I wait,

Perd. No 'tis by his---And by the Heavens, I vow,
Not all the world shall save him from it now.

Dye---dye Barbarian---with thy Blood repay, { *Draws his sword to*
That Peace, which thou from me hast tane away } *run Oront thorough*

Roxa. Hold *Perdicas*---if you *Orontes* hurt,
Ple strike this Javelin th'row *Statira's* Heart,

[*Roxana snatches a Javelin from one of her Guard, and presents it to Statira's Breast.*]

Oron. Ah *Perdicas*! run---save the Queen---

From fierce *Roxana's* power, set her free,
And then you, safely, may give Death to me.

Stat. Here, here, *Roxana*, plunge thy cruel Spear: { *shews her*
The child of great *Darius*, cannot fear. } *Breast.*

Strike th'row this Heart---strike boldly, do not spare,
And pierce his Image, who disdains thee, there.

{ *Perdicas casts himself before Roxana's Javelen,*
and Roxana places her self between him and
Orontes.

Roxa. Ingrateful as thou art, thou shalt not dye [*To Oront.*]

Thy Life is safe enough, whilst I am by;

For with my own, ' will thy Life defend,

And though thou hatest me, shew my self thy Friend.

Oron. Since to *Statira*, you've such malice shewn,

You are to me most black, and odious grown:

Ev'n *Perdicas*, I love much more, than thee,

And pardon, all his cruelties, to me,

Because his care, and tenderness I've seen,

In snatching, from thy Murth'rous hands, my Queen,

When you, with so much wrath, and Rudeness prest,

That dreadful Javelin, 'gainst her tender Breast.

Perd. For you fair Queen, I all my Blood, will spend, [*To Stat.*]

Your precious Life, Ple with my own defend:

But I entreat you, to return with me,

T' avoid, *Roxana's* further cruelty.

Stat. I pardon all, what she to me did do,

To me, she was less cruel far, than you;

But one Death she had given, and Eas'd my pain,
You many Deaths, had you *Orontes* slain.

Perd. Madam, your self did first *Orontes* slay,
When you took from me, all my Hopes away :
A Rival, in Despair, you should not blame.

Stat. Despair should quench, and not increase *Loves* flame.

Perd. We must not here dispute—Madam let's go,
I will secure you, from this Cruel Foe.

Stat. I Sir your pris'ner am, and know it well
Pray'ers are Commands, with those who can Compel.
Orontes Live, and I will live, for you, [To *Orontes*]
And, if you're forc'd to dye, I will dye too.

Oron. Live still, fair Queen, my Heart, to you I give,
I will be yours, whether I dye, or live.

Roxa. Have you forgot, to what we did agree? } To *Perd.*
Remember Sir, you first broke Faith, with me, } going off.
Lost your Respect, and now not only jarr,
But have denounc'd against me, open War.

Tyrant, thou would'st have slain, what I above
Mankind, the World, or Life, or Empire, love.

Assure thy self, I won't my Rival spare,
I'll seek her, in thine Arms, and Kill her there.

Perdicas, I'll doe't——'tis not thy Art, or power,
Shall thee, or her, from my Revenge secure.

Perd. Madam, the Gods protect the Innocent.

} *Exeunt* *Perd.* *Stat.* *Cleone,*
} with their Guards.

Roxa. Whilst I have pow'er, declare for me they must,
Or I will sling, their Temples in the Dust,
O'rethrow their Altars, all their Flammins slay,
And take from them, their Deities away.

Tell me no more of Gods, my pow'er shall be
My greatest, and my only Deitie.

'Tis that th'whole World adores——'Tis pow'er alone,
Which must maintain me, in my Husband's Throne.

Guards,—Keep this pris'ner safe—but let him be } To her,
From those bale, and unworthy Chains, set free. } Guards.

What Pow'er is this, which does my Heart subdue, [The Guards bow.
That would at once oblige, and punish too?

[Exit with Guard and Blacks.

Oron. My Life depends, yet on a slender thread,
 For whilst *Statira* lives, I must live too,
 With faint, and empty hopes, I still am fed,
 And wait to see, what the just Gods will doe.
 But if my fair Queen dyes, from hence I'll go,
 To seek her in the blessed shades below:
 For, Love's strong bonds, so fast our Souls have ty'd,
 That Fate it self, cannot us two, divide.

[*Goes in, the Scene Closes.*]

The Fourth ACT.

The SCENE,

The Camp under the Walls of Babylon.

Enter Lyfimachus, Ptolomy, Eumenes, and Thalestris.

Ptol. **N**OW, generous Rival, and my noble Friend,
 My Love, no more, on Fortune, shall depend;
 She has declar'd, already, on your side,
 By Virtue only, shall our Cause, be try'd:
 My Love for *Parisatis*, I'll pursue,
 But then, I'll strive, to Merit her, like you.

Lyfi. There's nothing, *Ptolomy*, I esteem above
 Your glorious Friendship, but my greater Love:
 In that alone, I must with you Contend,
 And strive to Conquer, and subdue, my Friend.

Ptol. Whilst we thus strive, each other to subdue,
 At once continuing Friends, and Rivals too,
 Since Friendship losses shares, and parts all gains,
 One does not loose, what th'other Friend obtains.

Lyfi. We have, to storm the Town, this Night, agreed,
 Now let us shew, our Diligence and Care,
 And our whole force, for this assault, prepare.

Ptol. We need not doubt, all Pow'er to us must yield,
 When Love, and Honour, lead us to the Field.

Eume. Madam, if in th' assault, my Death I find,
May not a gen'rous pity, move your Mind?
If with one Tear, you should my Fall lament,
'Twould ease my Grief, and I should dye Content.

Thal. If you should fall, whilst Glory you pursue,
I should not pity, but should envy you.
Some great, and brave attempt, may Passion move,
Fortune, and Noble Valour I can love.

Eume. I will to Dangers, as to Conquest run,
And do such Things, the like were never done.
I wish, the Gods, new dangers would Create,
And not give Conquest, at too cheap a rate.
Where Blood, and horror reigns, I will be there,
And on ten Thousand Swords, rush without fear.
If acts of Valour, your great Mind can move,
You, e're to morrow, shall *Eumenes* love.

Thal. If feeble Love, your Courage shall inspire,
You shall, in me, Honours great force admire.
I fear *Eumenes*, you will blush, for shame,
When you do less for Love, than I for Fame.

Enter Captain with a Letter.

Capt. Some of my Souldiers, Sir, being nigh the Wall,
Perceiv'd an Arrow, at their Feet, to fall;
Taking it up, to shoot it back, they spy'd
This Letter, fast about the Arrow ty'd;
To me they brought it, and I hither flew,
Perceiving it, directed, Sir, to you.

*Delivers the Letter to Lyfimachus,
who reads it to himself.*

Lyfi. Captain, I give you thanks, for your great care,
Let all your men, for the Assault prepare,
Let them be ready, and in Armes attend,
E're night, I will, to you, my orders send. [Exit Capt.]
My Friends, this Letter, from *Araxis* came,
He is, it seems, got into *Babylon*.
See what he writes ————— [reads a Letter.]

*I am got into Babylon undiscovered, and by the means of a
Captain of Cassanders, a Friend of mine; will this Night make
you,*

you Masters of the Town: He hath lately been disgusted by him, and I have made him absolutely ours: He has this Night the Command of Semiramis's Gate. Stir not till you see a Fire on the old Tower of Ninus, at what time you shall be received in at that Gate, without opposition. Observe the signe.

Araxis.

The Gods, this moment, are to us grown kind,
And favour, what before we had design'd.

Ptol. 'Tis our just Cause, does them to us incline.

Zyfi. Come *Ptolomy*, let's watch, the happy signe.

This night, I hope, we shall our Princess see,
And her, from Danger, and from Prison free.

Thal. Our Danger, now, *Eumenes*, will be small.

Eume. I wish, for blest occasions, now, to show,
How much I dare attempt, to merit you.
Since fighting only's pleasing to your Eye,
You should both see me fight, and fighting dye. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene. The Palace Royal.

Enter Cassander, Roxana, Hefione.

Roxa. Can you pretend to Love, yet fear to do?
The thing, your Mistress does require of you?

Cass. I do, with pleasure, your commands obey,
When reason, does o're your fierce passions sway.
But, what you now require——
Will the bright lustre, of your Virtue stain.

Roxa. I find, your passion for me, is but small,
Love without Limits, or love not at all;
Were your Love great, your Reason would submit,
And you would think, that just, which I thought fit.
If you lov'd as you ought, and I were she,
Your Love would have no bounds, no shores but me.

Cass. My Love, no other Bound, than you does know,
I have no will, but what from yours does flow,
But if our Hearts, and Wills, but one are found,
Yet honour, is to both, the equal Bound,
How do I then, your will, and pleasure shun,

When

When I do all, in Honour, may be done ?

Roxa. That empty Name, *Cassander*, you may prize,
Since I am less, than shadows in your Eyes,
But on their Deaths, whom you so well defend,
My life, my peace, my happiness depend.
'Tis by their Deaths, and by their Deaths alone,
I must preserve my life, and fix my Throne.
Do you in Honour, my desires refuse,
Whilst I through it, my life, and Empire loose.

Cass. Ah ! Madam, that which makes you thus severe,
Is rather the effect of Hate, than fear.
You hate *Statira*, and would her remove,
Because she is a Rival, in your love:
She dead, your dying hopes, would then revive,
But that destroys my hopes, which makes yours thrive.
Should I do all you ask, I soon shall see,
Orontes have, what should be giv'n to me.

Roxa. 'Tis true, *Orontes* once my heart possess'd,
But hatred, now has driv'n him from my Breast.
Of late, *Cassander*, I your Image find,
Making too deep impressions, on my mind,
Your constant Love, and Services, I weigh,
And will, at last, my obligations pay.
This last effect then of your Duty show,
And for Reward, I'll give my self to you :
When you, for me, have this great Service done,
Take then your Mistress, and with her a Throne.

Cass. There's nothing in this World, like you I prize;
Love ranks you equal with the Deities:
The great *Roxana's* power, who can withstand ?
Mortals dispute not, what the Gods command.
I do submit, and will your Will obey,
And soon will snatch your Rival's Life away.
When your bright God, sleeps in the Western Wave,
And will not look on those, he cannot save:
When horrid Night, arises from the deep,
And o're the World, deep Silence sheds, and sleep,
Then I, about this dreadful work, will hast,
And those you doom to dye, shall sleep their last.

Roxa.

Roxa. Go my *Cassander*, it is you alone
Must fix *Roxana*, on the *Persian* Throne:
No bold attempt, from danger, can be free,
'Tis still well done, if it Successful be:
What you intend, you by surprize must doe;
But, I shall leave the Management to you.
Let not in vain, the pretious Minutes hast,
Dispatch, that you, a Lover's Bliss may taste,
Think on our Joys, and our Felicitie,
The Prize, a Crown, and what is greater, Me.

[*Exit with Hefione.*]

Cass. It must be done, such is *Roxana's* Hate,
Her Rival's Death, can only it abate:
And such is my great Passion, I must be
The Instrument, of all her Crueltie.
I see the Danger, which I cannot shun,
And to the Precipice, run headlong on:
Great is the Prize, *Roxana*, and a Throne.

Enter a Black Mute.

To day, this Mute, was giv'en me, by a Friend.

Oxas come near—I will to you impart,

The most important secrets of my heart.

I do repose in you, no Common trust,

You can be secret, but can you be just?

Can you obey all that I shall Command?

And do what e're I bid?—you understand?

Without Remorse, can you obey my Will?

Can you unmov'd, the Blood of Women spill?

Thou instantly two Princesses must Kill.

Hah! does the name of Princess, make you start?

Hast thou a tender place about thy heart?

[*Black bows.*]

[*Bows again.*]

[*Black bows.*]

[*Bows again.*]

[*Black starts.*]

{ *The Black bows, and puts his
hand to his Sward, making
signes it shall be done.*

Tis well — anon I will instruct you more.

The

The SCENE,

The Palace of Perdicas within Babylon.

Enter Perdicas, Statira, Cleone.

Perd. Madam you're safe, and now may banish fear,
Whilst I give Orders, to secure you here ;
Roxana is unbounded in her Hate,
Cruel, and to be mov'd, no more, than Fate.
Her bloody, and her barbarous intent,
I must with strong, and double Guards prevent.
Madam, you will not long, be here alone,
My Guard's already for the Princess gone.

Stat. That is an Obligation, I must own.

Perd. I might at last, hope a more gentle Fate,
If Services, could overcome your Hate.

Stat. My Friendship, if you please, you may obtain.

Perd. 'Tis Love, the Soul of Friendship, I would gain.

Stat. Love is a Thing, I have no Pow'r to give.

Perd. Nor is it in my Power, without that Love, to Live.
But, Madam, this your Hatred may remove,
Knowing, all my Offences, spring from Love.
Love is not Love, if's Empire once decays,
Or if Love's Power, Reason's dull Law obeys.

[*Exit.*

Stat. On Love tho he, both pure and sacred be,
Men without shame, sling their own Infamie.
And when they long, in wicked ways have trod,
All their vile Faults and Crimes lay on the God.
But Love, thy Nature, is divine, and pure,
Thou canst no spots, nor blemishes indure.
Tho all things, do thy Mighty Pow'r obey,
Honour, and Reason, still with thee bear sway.

Enter Parisatis.

Pari. Have the Kind Gods, a longer Life assign'd?

Stat. If granting life be Kindness, they are kind.

Our Tragic-Scene, you see, is not yet past.

Death will conclude, our Play of Life, at last ;

{ *Embrac-
cing.*

The Siege of Babylon.

In the mean time, each here must act his part,
Mov'd by those Powers above, which rule the Heart.

Pari. The Gods, when we're preſt down, yield ſome relief,
And ſprinkle ſhort-liv'd Joys, among our Grief:
The life, of every one, is checquer'd ſtill.
(Tho mixt unequally) with good, and ill,
Which ſet each other off, like Black, and White,
This, makes that ſeem more dark; that, this more bright:
So late deſpairing any more to meet,
Has made the Joys, of this Embrace, thus ſweet.

Stat. Our Joys ſoon vaniſh, like a Winters day,
Sorrows like long, and tedious Nights, do ſtay.
The Gods diſpoſe our Lots, as they think fit,
We mortals cannot Chooſe, but muſt Submit.
Bid *Charmion* ſing——

In her ſweet Voice, I oft have pleaſure found,
Muſick like Balm, eaſes grief's ſmarting wound. [*They ſit.*

A SONG.

*What are all the Joys, of Life,
In which the mind,
Does never find,
A true content, unmixt with ſtrife?
They are like Clouds, which in the Night,
Impregnate with reflected Light,
Appear, then vaniſh out of Sight.*

*Our Joys, like gather'd flow'ers, decay,
Which ſoon Conſume,
Their own perfume,
And breath their Life, in ſweets away.
No pleaſure, here, is permanent,
Nor the delights, that Men invent,
Can, to our Souls, give true Content.*

*But when the Race, of life, is run,
And that to Death,
We yield our Breath,
We gain the Manſions, of the Sun.*

Then

The Siege of Babylon.

41

*Then true Content, the mind shall see,
Then all our Joys, shall perfect be,
And shine, like our bright Deitie.*

Pari. The Night grows old, 'tis time to go to rest,
Sleep calms the passions of a troubled breast.

Stat. Sleep which to others a soft pleasure seems,
To me, of late, new troubles brings in Dreams,
My labouring Fancy, there, Affliction finds,
Not that repose, sleep gives, to other minds.

Pari. Those Images, which in our Dreams abound,
Do, but with gentle strokes, our Fancy wound :
But Balmy sleep, gives, for a while, relief,
Allays the smart, and Cures the sting of grief.

Stat. With wakeful thoughts, my Soul's so much oppress'd,
My Eyes, no sleep can find, my Mind no rest,
I know that Death, or some great danger's nigh,
I'm much afflicted, yet I know not why :
The knowing Soul, approaching ills discerns,
And then the Body, by some signes, forewarnes,
When to the Stars, she is about to go,
She suddenly grows light, and strangely things does know.

Pari. The Gods divert, those evils, which you fear,
Or give us strength, the ills they send, to bear.

Enter a Souldier of Perdicas's Guard.

Sold. Madam, we by *Cassander* are surpriz'd,
And all your Guards, are by his Soldiers seiz'd :
Some fled, but most, did in your service dye.
Fly, Madam, if it be not yet too late,
Whilst I in your defence, go meet my Fate.

[*Exit.*

} *Clashing of
Swords within.*

Stat. 'Tis vain to fly, it will but argue fear,
Since we must dye, let's stay, and meet Death here.

The Siege of Babylon.

Enter Cassander with Mute, with drawn Swords. Cassander turns about speaking to the Soldiers who were about to Enter.

Cass. Soldiers retire———

Defend the passage, let none enter here.

{ Turning to the Princesses the Women running about themselves breaking.

In vain you'll strive, your destiny to shun,
From the long reach of Fate, you cannot run:
And since you know, there's no avoyding it,
Be wise, and to necessity submit,

Stat. I can submit, to what the Gods decree,
But that, *Cassander's*, yet unknown to thee.

Cass. Fate's Book is open, and we now may read,
What the great Gods (before time was) decreed.
'Tis there I read, your Fatal destiny,
The Gods have will'd your Death, and you must dye.

Stat. Our death, is by *Roxana* will'd, and you,
And we must yield, if the Gods will it too.
We can resign to them, the life they lent.

Pari. But must you be, the hateful Instrument?

Stat. When's cruel Hand, our Innocent Blood has spilt,
He'll find a just reward, for all his guilt.

Cass. I come not here, with Women to dispute,
Oxas, you know my pleasure———

{ The Mute kneels, shewing them a Strangling String, and making signes to them to submit.

Pari. Sister, I beg it, with my latest breath,
Let me first try, th' untrodden pathes of Death.
I will descend before, and shew the way
With Flowers, that leads, to the Eternal day.

Stat. First, from the close, dark Prisons, of the Womb,
I to the trouble, of short life, did come,
And first, I in the pathes of Death, will tread,
Which to the joys, of our bright God, do lead:
Raise not my tender passions, with your Tears, [*Pari. weeps.*
Like a soft smiling *Hebe*, Death appears.
I have no thoughts, which do disturb me now,
But what proceed, from my great care of you.
When through the straight of Death, my way I've made,

And

And my just debt, to Mother Nature paid,
When my freed Soul, shall find a larger Room,
And I all Light, and Spirit shall become,
On Flowry Banks, where happy shaddows stray,
For thy dear Soul, I will expecting, stay.
Remember Sir, the blood, from whence we spring, [To Cass.
That I was Wife, to the Worlds greatest King,
Your Master too ——— Now condescend to crave,
That I may dye untouch'd, by any slave.
Let my own Women, your commands obey,
That's all, *Cassander*, I have now to say.

Cass. Be speedy then ———

Oxas ——— go in, stand a Spectator by,
Touch not their Persons, only see them dye.

Stat. Give me that String ———

——— This Sister is the Friend, } Takes the strangling
} string from the Mute.

That soon will give, to all our troubles, End.

Come banish fear, 'tis but a little breath,

We loose ——— 'Tis guilt, that Terror gives, to Death.

} *Exeunt with Women weep-
} ing and Mute following.*

Cass. She's gone, ——— and strait, will be for ever gone,

Alas! what Beauty, Love has overthrown!

Tyrannic Love, which forces me to do

A thing, 'gainst Virtue, and my conscience too.

I feel a soft, and tender passion rise,

And from my Breast, to flow into my Eyes.

Assist me Love ——— I fear I shall relent:

Pity, would make me cowardly Repent,

If her bright Image, I so much adore,

Did not by force, attract my Passions more.

[Exit.

Enter Roxana, Hefione.

Roxa. Their words, and actions, must Mysterious be,
Who think to gain a Crown, by Pollicy:
Who can't dissemble well, can never rule,
And a plain dealer, is esteem'd a Fool.
Let not *Cassander* blame me, — He deceives
And cheats himself, when he my words believes.
Love has put out, his mindes discerning Eyes,

Yet the same passion, makes me quick, and wise.
 He vainly Hopes, to gain a Crown, and me,
 With an Eternal blot of Infamie,
 But he will only that, and danger gain,
 Whilst I the profit, and the fruit obtain:
 I shall stand safe, and shelter'd, from all harm,
 Whilst he endures, the fury of the storm.
 Close at his Heels, the Tempest will pursue,
 And soon o'ertake, I hope, o'whelm him too.
 Thus Princes, do of ills, themselves acquit,
 And favourites dye for Crimes, their Kings commit.

Enter Cassander.

Cassander here—I must dissemble now,
 And a new face will to my Lover show.

Cass. *Roxana* here!—she does my steps pursue, [aside.
 She doubts I can't be cruel, or not true:
 A Rival dead sh'accounts an happy sight,
 And comes to glut, her bloody Appetite.
 To th'other World, your Rival now is gone,
 And you, great Queen, Command this World alone.
 The furious *Perdicas*, I've Pris'ner made,
 By Gold, and his corrupted Guards betray'd.
 Sometimes in Fury, the whole World he threats,
 Anon, more mild, as humbly he intreats,
 Now deep Revenge, by all the Gods, he swears,
 Then courts his Guards, then curses, and dispa'res,
 And calling on the Queen, bursts into Tears.

Roxa. What! have you then the great *Statira* slain?

Cass. Yes—she is dead, that you alone might Reign.

Roxa. O Gods! It cannot be——

Cass. Not be?———when you

Did pray, desire, intreat, command it too?

I am amaz'd———

Roxa. Ah! I did soon Repent,
 Those harsh commands, from my strong passion sent,
 You saw the flames, of the then raging fire,
 And should have quencht, my Exorbitant desire.
 You those Commands, might very well distrust,
 Which bid you, to be cruel, and unjust.

Cass.

Cass. Madam, your vain Repentance, comes too late,
No Humane pow'r, can now recall their Fate.

Enter Mute.

What ! is *Statira*, and her Sister dead ?

} *Mute makes signes*
} *they are Dead.*

By this, the greatness, of my Love, you see,
And what Commanding pow'r, you've over me.
Great Queen, you shall the whole Worlds Scepter sway,
Whilst at your feet, its Kings their Crowns shall lay,
And your *Cassander* kneel, more great than they.

Roxa. O cruel Man ! whom some fell Tygrets bore,
Could not that move you, which the Gods adore ?
Beauty, so Sacred, and Divine, a good,
Which safe, 'midst bloody Arms, unguarded stood,
Could that no fear, nor reverence, move in thee ?
Had'st thou no awe, of its Divinity ?

Tyrants who durst, Priests, Altars, Gods, invade,
Have still to Beauty awful Reverence paid.
Could not her Sex, her Blood, her Dignity,
Give some stop to thy Monstrous cruelty ?

Cass. 'Tis well dissembled—but your heart I see,
You may deceive the World, but cannot me.

Roxa. Dissemble ! Oh my Heart, swells in my Breast,
And with such loads, of sorrow, is deprest,
I never shall again, with joys, be blest.

[*weeps.*]

Show me this dismal sight ? ———

Cass. False Woman, you shall see that welcome sight,
Won't move your sorrow, but your Eyes delight.

*They go towards the further part of the Stage, the Scene opens
and discovers Statira and Parisatis lying as dead on two Couches
their faces Veild, Cleone and other Women sitting by
them on the Ground weeping.*

See there they lye, hid in Deaths gloomy Night.

Roxa. There lye the marks, of thy Barbarity ;
Which I with trembling, and with Horror see.
In silence, I a Sisters Death will mourn,

My

My Soul, for my weak Limbs, too heavie's grown.

*{ Returns leaning
on Hefione.*

Cass. She feignes so well, and so much Art, does shew;

I doubt I shall anon, believe her too.

*{ The Scene
Closes.*

Would I had pow' er, to give them Life again,

That you, *Roxana*, might not weep in vain!

'Tis now your dear Dead Sister, but if she

Could Live, she'd then your hated Rival be;

And I, who am, so barbarous a Man,

Should Court'd be, to Murther her agen.

Great Jove, who all the lesser Fates controules,

Send from above, from thy great stock of Souls,

Two new immortal sparkes, or th'old return,

That griev'd *Roxana*, may no longer mourn.

Roxa. Leave your vain wishes—Let the Gods alone,

There's businels, of more moment, to be done.

When the Sea's calm, the Air Serene, and clear,

The Ship before the Wind, each Buoy can steer.

But when the Winds, roar in their shatter'd shroudes,

When Heaven's bright face, grows terrible, with cloudes

And angry Seas, to moving Mountaines grow,

The Pilot then his skill, and Art does show.

'Tis now, *Cassander*, you must show your skill,

And try, if you can save, as well as kill.

Now you must shew, your courage, and your care,

To every Guard, and every Watch repare:

Statira was below'd, and you will see

Th' enraged *Babylonians* Mutiny:

They will revenge her Death, on you, and me.

If us, from threatening stormes, you now can save,

You shall enjoy, the Fortune, of the Brave.

Cass. T'obtaine your Love, your Foes I have withstood,

Imprison'd Friends, and dipt my Hands in Blood,

Your Int'rests, and your Factions mine have made,

But I with scorn, and with neglect, am paid.

Let the storm rise, I long enough have strove,

To shew my obedience, and my matchless Love:

I like a God, will now withdraw my Guard,

And let Ruine loose, till you my Love reward.

Roxa.

Roxa. Let Ruine come, *Cassander*, you will learn.
It does not me, so much as you, concern.
Were you a God, and had the power of Jove,
You never should compel me, Sir, to Love:
I know your merits, and your passion see, —
Go to your charge — leave the reward to me.

Cass. By what strong Charm, am I compell'd to Love!
I must, and will, this wicked Charm remove.
Think not, that you with Tears, can me beguile,
False as the *Hyena*, or the *Crocodile*,
Weep o're your prey, when in your Heart you smile,
I'll humbly seek, no more, for Love my due,
But try by force, and Arms to compass you:
My Hands once more in Blood, I will embrew,
And change your false, and feigned Tears, to true.

Exit, Mute
following him.

Roxa. When Love, and high Ambition do possess
Thy Soul, thou may'st at my great pleasure Ghess.
The dead *Statira*, was a happy sight,
Oh! how my Heart, was fill'd with the delight!
Nothing can now, my happiness remove,
I have no Rival, in my Throne, nor Love:
The way to Empire, and to Love is plain,
He whom I love is safe, she I did hate is slain.

To Hesi.
smiling.

Hesi. I saw dark Clouds, in your fierce Lovers Eyes,
I fear some storm, will suddenly arise,
His Soul, is full of Jealousie, and spight,
I wonder, you so much his anger slight.

Roxa. Let him rage on, he will grow tame, at last;
Men play with Fishes, when they've hook'd them fast.
'Tis sport to hear, and to behold a while,
A Lyon roar, and struggling in the toyl.
I can with ease, the furious Beast beguile,
Awe him with frownes, and cheer him with a smile,
Now I must build, and now destroy his peace,
Sometimes his hopes, sometimes his fears increase,
And so, in equal ballance, keep them still;
Thus I subject, this Lyon, to my will.

Enter

The Siege of Babylon.

*{ Enter Mute, hastily makes signes, and pulling
Roxana by the Sleeve to follow him.*

What means this *Mute* ? what is it he would have ?

Hesi. Madam, he your assistance seems to crave.
Some business of importance, brings him here.

Roxa. He seems both full of haste, and full of fear.

Alas ! I can't divine, what this should be.

I'll know, what his dumb signes, do signifie.

Exeunt, hastily following the Mute.

The SCENE,

The Prison of Orontes.

Enter Cassander.

Cass. I bow'd my Neck indeed, to mighty Love,
When I would scorn, to be a slave to Jove,
His chains I did admit, and never strove :
They look'd so fair, so easie seem'd, and light,
They shone so glorious, and appear'd so bright,
I took pride in my Bonds, and wore them with delight.
But now they're heavy, and uneasie grown,
They sit too close, and off they must be thrown.
But ah ! I fear 'tis past my pow'r, and skill,
My Rebel Heart, will not obey my will.
It loves the great, and proud *Roxana* still,
I'll Love, but Court her, at another Rate,
My Love, shall now appear, to her, like Hate,
I am resolv'd, I will turn Rebel trait.
Her hopes, which on *Orontes* life, depend
Shall, with his life, have instantly an End.

*{ Draves his
Sword.*

*{ Goes towards the further part of the Stage, the Scene
opens and discovers Orontes leaning on a Couch.*

Oron. Soft sleep, o're half the World, his Wings does spread,
And does on weary Eyes, his Poppies shed ;
Nature her self, in silence, seems to nod,
And all things rest, full of the drowsie God,
Yet I, whom wakeful thoughts, and cares infest,
Nor for my Soul, nor for my Eyes, find rest.

What

The Siege of Babylon.

49

What vision's this, appears before my sight,
So fierce, and dreadful, in the dead of Night? { Sees Cass. with
a drawn sword.

Cass. I am thy evil Genius, and am come,
With this, *Orontes*, to pronounce thy doom.
By mighty Jove, and all the Gods, you shall
To Love, and Anger, now a Victim fall.

Oron. Tho I from hated life, would gladly fly,
I will not, at your pleasure, tamely dye.

Cass. You must *Orontes*——— { Rises and
comes forth.

Roxana is not here, to help you now,
You stand between, my happiness, and me.

[advances to kill *Orontes*.

Enter Roxana and Hefione.

Roxa. O Gods! what spectacle is this I see! [To Hefi.
Run——Call my Guards —— [Exit. Hefione.
Traytor be gone——— { Roxana runs betwixt
Cassander and *Orontes*.

Cass. When I have kill'd *Orontes*, I will go.

Roxa. You first shall kill, your Queen, and Mistress too.

Cass. I've vow'd his Death, and will my vow perform.

Roxa. I've vow'd his safety——He shall take no harm.

Is this the way, you your great passion prove?

Cass. I now a Rebel am to Love.

{ Strives to come at *Orontes*.
{ Roxana to hinder him.

Roxa. And like a Rebel, I will use you now.

Enter Guards——seize Cassander and dis-arm him.

Traytor, you shall at last, my power know.

Bear hence this raging Beast———

[To the Guards.

In Chains, and a close Prison, keep him safe,

Till he grows tame again———

Cass. Ungrateful Queen———

I have too long your slave, and lover been:

But I, in spite, of your bewitching Charms,

Will Live, to kill, your Gallant in your Armes.

Roxa. Guards have him hence———

{ Exit Guards
with Cassander.

Can my *Orontes*, still inhumane be?

H

Have

The Siege of Babylon.

Have you no Love, nor pity left for me?
 Did'st thou the Milk, of some fierce Tygres Suck?
 Or was thy Heart, cut from a *Scythian* Rock?
 That thou can'st see a Queen, whom Kings adore,
 Fall at thy Feet, and Love, with Tears, implore. [*Kneels.*
 Can you so tender, to *Statira* be,
 And a cold Marble Statue, still to me?

Oron. *Roxana* rise—— [*takes her up.*

A noble Soul, to Love, was ne'r compell'd,
 Bright virtue only, makes brave Souls to yield:
 But your blind passion, bears such evil sway,
 That leads you far, from virtues paths, astray.
 You ask'd a Heart, that was bestow'd before
 On Queen *Statira*——

Roxa. In vain you do on her your Love bestow,
 Unless you'll Court her, in the shades below.

Oron. How! Is *Statira* dead!——

Ah! cruel Tygres! have you slain the Queen?
 Of all that's fair, and good, have you the Murthres been?

Roxa. I try'd that way, your Rocky Heart to move,
 And see, how soon, it can be touch'd, by Love.

Statira Lives——

Oron. Lives! —Where? — into her Armes I'll fly,
 Or——tell me, is she dead? that I may dye.

Without her, to the Gods, I would not go,
 Nor tread, the blest *Elysian* Fields below:
 Without *Statira*, I no blifs can know.

But if she's dead, I'll fly away
 From life, and here, not one short minute stay,
 Speak——is she dead? ——you rack me with delay.

Roxa. This tender passion, for my Rival shown,
 My Loving Heart too, on the Rack has thrown.
 But I will be reveng'd, and you shall dwell
 In anxious doubt, and tortur'd in that Hell.

Oron. Stay——do not thus, in cruelty delight:
 Let me not linger here—— Kill me out-right:
 Tell me sh's dead, and kill me with that word,
 Or say she lives, and a reprieve afford.
 Free me from pain, or send my Soul from hence.

Roxa. Thy Soul, shall feel, the torture, of suspense,

I will;

I will torment thee yet—thou shalt not know,
Whether *Statira*, is alive, or no. [*Exit with Hestone.*

Oron. What shall I do? 'tis pain, and Death, to Live,
Each Minute, does ten Thousand tortures give,
And yet in Death, I dare not seek my bliss,
Left, in that unknown Region, I should miss
The happiness I seek,———
And lose my Queen, in that World, and in this.
O Gods! What pains do you for Souls prepare,
Who dare not hope, yet know not to dispa're.

Goes in, the SCENE closes.

The Fifth ACT.

The SCENE, Babylon.

*Enter Eumenes, Lyfimachus, Ptolomy, Thalestris,
Amazons, and Soldiers.*

Eume. **T**HE City's won, and none left to oppose,
Within the Palace Walls, are all our Foes.

Lyf. In vain, in vain, have we a Conquest made,
The cruel Gods, have all our hopes betray'd,
And with them, all, our Earthly Joys, are fled,
The Queen, and her fair Sister too, are dead.
This is the news, which like a deadly Dart,
Now pierc'd my Ears, and struck me through the Heart.

Thal. Why did the Gods, such Heavenly forms Create,
And joyn, with so much Beauty, so ill Fate?
They give us cause, their Godheads to blaspheme.

Eume. The ways of Providence, do Riddles seem,
And are, like various Fancies, in a Dream,
'Tis past our skill, to find the Sence of them.
Their Murderers, let's with Revenge, pursue,
The Gods, will aid us, when their works we do.

Ptol. Yes, brave *Eumenes*, we will first Revenge

The Siege of Babylon.

Their Death, and then the Scene of Life I'll change.

Zyfi. Since Love, could not our Friendships knot unty,
We will both perfect Friends, and Lovers dye. [Embrace:

Ptol. Death than't have pow' er, our Souls to disunite,
For both, shall hence, together take their flight,
And since our Body's, here the difference make,
Our Souls below, shall but one shadow take.

Zyfi. Come, my dear Friend, let us about it strait.
Draw up the Army, to the Palace Gate, } To the
Let it with all our Troops, be compact round, } Soldiers.
And then with Ramms, o'rethrow it to the Ground.

Exeunt Omnes.

The SCENE,

The Palace Royal in Babylon.

Enter Roxana with Hefione.

Roxa. My Soul, is with too great a load oppress,
My Eyes can find no sleep, my Mind no rest,
For my designs, will all Successless prove
If I can't make, the *Scythian* Prince, to Love.
I've sav'd his Life, with hazard of my own,
And disoblig'd those, who should guard my Throne.

Hefi. Time, only can, his Rebel Heart subdue,
Extinguish his old Flame, and kindle new.
All your perfections, he will then admire,
And in his Breast, feel a new Amorous fire.

Roxa. *Statira*, still in his great Heart, does live,
I doubt, he never, will her Death forgive.

Hefi. Time, does on all, a blest oblivion shed,
Which takes away, the memory of the dead,
On grieving Souls, it by degrees does creep,
And does surprize insensibly, as sleep.
Nature, at last, must tyr'd, and weary grow,
The highest Tydes, of grief, still ebb most low.

Roxa. I can't, with so long expectation, wait,
Let Love, and Time, like slaves, attend my State,
I must and will have satisfaction strait.
When the whole East, submits to my Command,

Shall:

Shall he alone, my Will, and pow' er withstand ?

Hark—hark—what shouts are those, so loud ?

Hesi. They're shouts of Joy, and of a Multitude.

[*Shouts within.*

[*Shout again.*

Rox. What can this mean !—— It does my Soul affright,
The *Babylonians*, are grown mad, to night.

Enter an Officer of Roxana's Guards.

Off. Madam the City's taken, and your Foes
Have routed all, who durst their force oppose.

Roxa. The City taken !—— you've neglectful been.

Off. 'Twas not Neglect, but Treason let them in.
They enter'd, at *Semiramises* Gate,
Where none oppos'd them, till it was too late.
Thence, like a Torrent, they the City fill'd,
And all, who did oppose them, easily kill'd.
With eager shouts, a Squadron, this way made,
Your Guards, and Royal Palace, to invade :
Your routed Soldiers, where'soe'er they fly,
For *Perdicas*, and for *Cassander* cry.

Roxa. Hail—away—to your Captain run, with speed,
And let *Cassander*, from restraint, be freed.

Off.— I fear, 'tis now too late,
The Foes, by this are at the Palace Gate.

Rox. Be gone—— tell me not of your fears, but fly,
Effect, what I command you strait, or dye.

[*Exit Officer.*

I know not which way, my hard Fate, to shun.

Ah ! cruel Fate ! how can this loss be born !

And how shall I endure, *Orontes* scorn !

Hesi. I hope the Gods, will yet, some pity show,
With patience wait, their Wills you soon will know.

Roxa. Their Wills, they in my ruine, have made known,
But I'll not stoop to theirs, but to my own :
For since they will, I shall be quite undone,
I'll will it too, and on my Fate, will run.
My Death, shall be th' effect, of my own will,
For first *Orontes*, then my self I'll kill :
I then in dying, shall some pleasure find,
To leave *Orontes* dead, will please my mind :
Perhaps his Ghost, below, may prove more kind.

If not, I'll there, his fierce tormenter prove,
Eternally, I'll kill him, with my Love.

Enter Officer and Soldiers.

Off. *Cassander* is set free, but will not fight,
He seems, to hear, our dangers, with delight,
And said, the Gods, reveng'd his wrongs, this Night.
After some pause, a few choice men, he took,
And suddenly enrag'd, the place forsook.
But muttering as he went, I heard him cry,
I will my Rival kill, before I dye.

Roxa. O Gods! I must this wretches pow' er controul:
With this, I'll first let out, his trecherous Soul.

} *Snatches a Javelin*
} *from the Officer.*

Under a tottering Tower, I seem to stand,
And would uphold it, with my feeble hand,
I see it shake, and know, at last, 'twill fall,
And, with its Ruines, overwhelm us all.
But like my self, a brave great Queen I'll dye,
Whilst, with my Fate oppress'd, dead Princes round me lye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perdicas with Sword in his Hand.

Perd. Horrid Confusion, reigns in every place,
And all things now, look with a dreadful face:
In this confusion, I my freedom gain,
But Oh! my Soul, is tortur'd still, with pain,
The curst *Roxana*, has *Statira* slain.
I now am come, to set my Rival free,
In her Revenge we shall like friends agree.

[*Scene opens, and discovers Orontes.*

Oron. Again disturb'd! — what, *Perdicas*, are you
Come, to dispatch, your hated Rival too?
Make hast—but first, this satisfaction give,
Tell me, ah tell me, does *Statira* live?

Perd. She's gon—she's gon—she's vanish'd from our sight,
The curst *Cassander*, put out all her light,
And those fair eyes, which shone, than Day, more bright,
By Death Ecclips'd, are hid in shades of Night.

Oron.

The Siege of Babylon.

55

Oron. Here—— Pierce my Breast, and with a welcom blow,
At last, some Kindness, to your Rival show. [*Opening his Arms.*

Perd. *Statira's* death, puts to our strife, an end,
You not my Rival, now may be my Friend.

Take this—— [*Gives him a Sword.*

From my restraint, I, but just now, got free,
First hither ran, to give you Libertie,
That we the Scenes of War, Blood, Death, might change,
And, on her Foes, *Statira's* Death revenge.

Oron. Tho I, from hated Life, would fly away,
A brave, and just Revenge, invites my stay,
The Gods, and you, have arm'd my hand, once more,
I swear, by her blest Shade, I still adore,
I will revenge her Death——

Enter Cassander and Soldiers.

——The Monster see. ——

Cass. What! *Perdicas* releast!
And is *Orontes* too, of Arms posselt!

Oron. Thou most accurs'd of humane Kind——

{ *Cassander and Soldiers fight with Orontes and Per-*
dicas, *Cassander falls wounded by Orontes.*

Enter Roxana, hastily followed by Hesiene, Officers and Soldiers.

*Roxana wounds Orontes with a Spear, the Soldiers are beat
off the Stage by Perdicas and Roxana's Soldiers*

Roxa. Oh Gods! What have I done!——

Thus humbly prostrate, to my Prince, I bow,

{ *Kneels, and about to Embrace the*
{ *Knees of Oront. he steps back.*

My Soul, has given, all Empire up, to you,
And my proud Heart, great Love, has conquer'd now.

Oron. Touch me not Tygres, with those guilty Hands,
Honour forbids, what passion now Commands,
Else by *Cassander*, bleeding you should lye,
And your Curt Souls, to Hell together fly.

Cass. Fate here has thrown me, as a useles thing,
Wounded, and bleeding, here, in pain, I lye,
I have not strength to fight, nor wound enough to dye.

Death,

Death, has no pain, like that, which now I feel,
 Seeing the great, and proud *Roxana* Kneel,
 Poor spirit'd Woman, can'st thou be so mean,
 To stoop, below the grandure, of a Queen?
 Thy noble Pride, did first, my Love beget,
 Oh! let it like the Sun, in Glory set,
 As he, with setting Beams, makes red the air,
 In spite of Clouds, which angry Gods prepare,
 Let your proud Heart, be thoroughly understood,
 Look gay in Death, and falling let in Blood.
 Dye whilst a Queen,—Play an Heroick part,
 First, with a Sword, pierce his rebellious Heart,

[*Pointing to Oront.*

Then, rush on Death's inevitable shelf,
 Kindly kill me, and bravely stab thy self.

Roxa. Tho Love has forc'd my mighty Heart, to sue,
 I yet have pride, and scorn enough for you. [*To Cass.*
 Bear him from hence——

Cass. False Queen—when I've Death's frozen passage crost,
 I will return, to haunt thee, with my Ghost.

[*Exit carried forth by Soldiers.*

Perd. Keep in, a while, his Lives expiring flame,
 Till Death approach him, with a greater shame.

Oron. Come, let us to our fighting Friends repair,
 And seek a Death, which will be welcom there,
 I, with my Breast, will catch some flying Dart,
 And give't, an easie passage, to my Heart.

[*Exeunt Oront. and Perd.*

Roxa. He's gone, and left me, like a wretch, with scorn,
 Fallen, from my greatness, wretched and forlorn.
 In *Babylon*, I never will be seen,
 Below the glorious title of a Queen.
 I then must dye——

Dye, e're I have, all signs of Empire, lost,
 Dye, e're I all my Misery understand,
 Dye, whilst I may have Death, at my Command.

[*Draws out a Dagger.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Enemy's into the Palace got.

Roxa,

A *xx*. Slave, let me dye, a Queen, in all my Pride,
 As once the great *Assyrian* Monarch dy'd.
 Go—Burn the Palace, set it strait on fire,
 Encompast round, with Flames, I'll here expire,
 All my rich Treasure, and my Jewels burn,
 And this great pyle, with me, to Ashes turn,
 I'll dye enthron'd—the Palace be my Urn.
 Slave art thou here—Why is not all this done?
 Am I not yet a Queen—haste and be gone. { *Goes to strike him*
 But oh! my Heart, I feel a shivering fear, } *with the Dagger.*
 I cannot dye, and leave *Orontes* here; } *Exit Officer.*
 What satisfaction, should I now receive,
 Could I once more behold him, while I live,
 For one last look, an Empire I would give.

Enter Orontes, Perdicas, Lyfimachus, Ptolomy, Eumenes, Thalestris, Amazons and Soldiers.

Lyfi. The *Babylonians*, when they understood
Roxana's cruel Act, their Arms flung by,
 And now for Justice, on the Murth'ers, Cry.

Ptol. Thole who oppos'd, and were our foes before;
 With one consent, their dear Queen's death deplore,
 They now in heaps, before the Palace croud,
 And for Revenge, and Justice cry aloud.

Perd. And Justice they shall have—seize that false Queen.

Roxa. Slaves keep your distance—see, Death stands between.

[Holds forth her Dagger to the Soldiers.]

I scorn my Fate, within your Pow'r should lye,
 I both the Power of Men, and Gods defy,
 I'll use my own, when I am pleas'd to dye.

Oron. Let her own guilty Hands, her Life pursue,
 The Gods, by them, will on her Justice do.

Perd. Oh! barbarous Queen, you did your self deceive,
 You thought, there were no Gods, or did believe,
 They were not just, but they, at last, have sent
 Me, from your Bonds, to give you punishment.

Roxa. If Death, be the great punishment, you mean,
 You threaten, what with Prayers, I would obtain,
 You could, to me, no greater Torment, give,
 Than to permit me, without Hope, to live.

Death is the Blessing, which I wish for most,
Now I've *Orontes*, and my Empire lost.

Oron. The just Gods, think a Crown, for such unfit,
Who seek by horrid Crimes, to purchase it.

Roxa. The Crimes, I did commit, the Gods above,
Will easily Pardon, because Crimes of Love.

To kill a Rival, I account no sin,

And I would do't, were it to do ag'in,

It does, with such delight, my Mind possess,

The Pleasures of a Crown, would please me less.

She would have giv'n, more tortures, to my Mind,

Liv'd she; than I shall now, in Dying find.

In Death, alas! no bitterness would be,

But that, I find, I still am scorn'd by thee.

Perd. The Gods, did long, their Vengeance, keep in store,
And now, on your Curs'd Head, their Thunderbolts, they pour.

Roxa. I scorn, my Mouth, should my great Heart, belye,

I both Man-kind, and th' unkind Gods defy,

And tho' with Plagues, they still should me pursue,

They never, shall my 'unconquer'd Heart, subdue:

Thus—not the Gods, but my own Sacrifice

[*Lifting up the
Dagger.*]

I'll fall—I must take Courage from those Eyes,

[*Pausing and looking on Orontes.*]

I'll take one farewell-Look, before I dye,

One more, and I'll, for ever, from you fly.

Perd. Your Wound still bleeds——

Oron. 'Tis slight—I must, a greater wound, prepare.

The World shall see, the Pow'r of Death, too weak,

The Joys of my Immortal Love to break.

I, to my Love, have made a solemn Vow,

By all the Gods, I will perform it now. [*Draws forth a Dagger.*]

Lys. Brave Prince, we Rivals too, have Vow'd the same,

Prot. Our Souls possess, the like immortal flame.

Roxa. Ah! will *Orontes* dye——New Joys I feel,

I'll stay, and watch my Princes fatal blow,

Then in my Breast, I'll plunge my Dagger too,

And, at one instant, both our Souls, shall start,

Together, both, from our dull Bodies, part,

And if a Spirit, can a Spirit hold,
I will his Soul, within my Soul infold.

Perd. The dreadful face of Death, I've oft beheld,
In all her shapes, I've seen her, in the field,
There's none will think, that now I shrink for fear,
Or that I'd fly, tho many Deaths appear.
A vain, fantastick place, *Elysium* seems,
But you believe —

The Tales of Priests, and idle Poëts dreams.
The Queen's Death, I'll revenge, then Altars rear,
To her great Name, make her a Goddess, here,
Whilst you, vain Blissess seek, you know not where.

Oron. *Statira* gone, I nothing here can find,
Which can give ease to my disturbed mind.
You gentle Ghosts, look down from Heav'n above,
And see th' Effects of true, and faithful Love.

Zyfi. With you, Dear Souls, our Bliss, and Joys are fled,
It is no Life, to Live, now you are dead.

Ptol. Our Souls, and theirs, through Love, were so much one,
Ours cannot stay behind, when theirs are gone.

Oron. After our Loves, to that blest place, wee'll go,
Where Love's immortal, and no change, does know,
Where Rivals cannot, our long bliss destroy,
And where we undisturb'd, each other shall enjoy.

Enter the Mute.

Arax. Ah! Sir, does this black Mask, disguise me so,
You can't, your own faithful *Araxis*, know?

Oron. *Araxis*! —
I can't *Araxis* find, in this disguise.
Let me embrace you, e're I dye — [Embraces him.]
Ah! this has been a sad, and fatal Night.

Arax. The Day appears, with clear, and chearful Light.

Oron. About my Heart, a Night of sorrow lyes.

Arax. You will find Day, in your *Statira's* Eyes.

Enter Capt. with Statira, Parisatis, Cleone.

Oron. I, with the weight, of my own Joys, am press'd;
They cannot be contain'd, within my Breast?
Do I but Dream, or am I truly blest.

The Siege of Babylon.

Roxa. O Gods! I am betray'd—my Rival's here,
Worse, than a thousand Deaths, she does appear.
Death, which before, I look'd on, with content,
Will now my torture be, and punishment.
What can my Torment, and my pain express?

Orontes, and my Crown, she will possess.

Stat. I live, my Prince,—by your *Araxis* care.

Arax. And by th' Assistance, of this Captain, here,
} *presenting the Captain to*
} *Orontes, they Embrace.*

He me disguis'd, feign'd me a Mute, and Slave,
And me, a present, to *Cassander* gave.

Roxa. Gods! was I thus betray'd!—

Arax. The Gods were kind—

And wrought by me, more than I had design'd.
They first made known, *Roxana's* vile intent,
And made me then, an happy Instrument,
The Queens most horrid Murther, to prevent.

Stat. We went to dye, but 'twas no small surprize,
To find *Araxis*, in this black disguise,
By his contrivance, we our Foes deceiv'd,
For what, they much desir'd, they soon believ'd,
We strangl'd, dead, and vail'd appear'd, in view,
Till, from the place, our cruel Foes withdrew:
Thus, the kind Gods, their wickedness withstood,
And sav'd the Reliques, of *Darius* Blood.

} *In the mean time Lyfimachus and Ptolomy*
} *Court Parifatis in dumb shew.*

Oron. Divine *Statira*, you're so great a prize,
For you, the whole World's Empire I do despise:
The *Persian* Crown's, to me, of small esteem,
Compar'd, to this unvaluable Gem: [*kissing her Hand.*
Upon your brow, the *Scythian* Crown shall shine,
And, at your feet, I prostrate all that's mine.

Roxa. 'Tis time to dye—their bliss I cannot see,
Hell—tortures—and confusion follow me:
Harpies, my Soul, with cruel Talions tear,
She can, no longer, the sad torment bear:
'Thus I will set her free—she cannot know [*Stabbs her self.*
A greater Torment, nor more pains below,

To a worse Hell than this, she cannot go.

Stat. Rescue her life — Let her repenting Live,
It is my Glory, that I can forgive.

*{ As she goes to repeat the blow,
{ the Soldiers seize her.*

Roxa. Ye cruel Gods, who thus my will oppose,
Who thus Enslave me, to my mortal Foes,
And make my imperious Heart, to stoop to them,
Whilst Life remains, I'll curse you, and Blasphem.
But ah! I hope, my Soul's, from Prison free'd,
I feel Life gently sliding hence—I bleed——
What thick dark fog is this, before my Eyes?
So——now my Soul, to unknown Regions flies.
Where is my Love——see——yonder——where he rests,
Come, use the softer Pillow, of my Breasts:
Here thou mayst sleep, secure from Rivals harmes,
Whilst, I enclose thee gently, in mine Armes.
Now undisturb'd, wee'll taste immortal blisses,
I'll hush thee fast with sighes, then wake thee with my kisses.

Stat. She raves—she raves—and from her sense is gon.

Roxa. Oh! my sick Heart——I shall be well anon:
Where is *Orontes*?——set me on my Throne,
From *Babylon*, I know I'm wander'd far,
Yet I'm a Queen, my Kingdom is a Star:
Go fetch that Rebel——bring him to my feet,
I'll make, at last, his stubborn heart submit.
Let half my starry Kingdom, down be hurl'd,
And overwhelm his little Earthly World.

Stat. Remove her hence——Thus Gods their Judgment show,
That poor ambitious Mortals, here may know,
They sit above, and see, and govern all below.

*{ Roxana is carried off
{ the Stage Raveing.*

Perd. See here, another Wretch, that's forc'd to sue,
For Justice, to the Gods, and greater you.
Madam, I Love, and grow distracted too.
Thus lowly, Madam, I fall down before
The beauteous Image, which I still adore.
Condemn me strait to dye, and mercy shew,
Life will be worse than Death, if I loose you.

[*Kneels.*

Stat.

The Siege of Babylon.

Stat. No *Perdicas*, you must not dye—

All your offences, I do now forgive:

I wish, I could aſſoon, your grief remove,

I can, my pity grant you, tho not Love.

Perd. Your pity, Madam, cannot eaſe my Grief,

And to the wounds of Love, gives ſmall relief.

Stat. Well *Perdicas*, I'll give my Friendſhip too,

All but my ſelf, I will beſtow on you.

I'll with you ſhare, my Empire, and my Throne,

If that's too little, wear my Crown alone.

Perd. I want no Crowns, my Armes, can them ſubdue,

Nor ſought I, for your Empire, but for you.

Oron. There's nothing, Sir, that I eſteem above

Your noble Friendſhip, but *Statira's* Love:

I for the Queen, not for her Empire, ſtrove.

Perd. Half the World's Realms, this, did already win,

*{ puts his Hand
to his Sword.*

And when I pleaſe, can Conquer 'um o're ag'in.

For Empire, let th'ambitious ſue to Jove,

Nothing can ſatiſſie my Soul, but Love.

Stat. All the rich Treafure, *Alexander* left,

That Princely Robber's, not inglorious Theft,

To buy your friendſhip, I will freely give,

Let me in peace, with my *Orontes* Live.

Perd. Go bait the Covetous, with ſuch ſordid pelf,

I'll not accept a World, without your ſelf.

Oron. Since you to be my Foe, are ſtill inclin'd,

You ſhall *Orontes*, ſtill *Orontes* find,

From all the World, I can my Queen defend,

And this, to our debate, ſhall put an End:

Dye then, my Rival, or elſe live my Friend.

*{ Lays hold on
his Sword.*

Perd. Gods! am I threatn'd?—

*{ Lays hold on his Sword,
Statira ſtops him.*

Stat. Ah! *Perdicas*—Shew me ſome proofs of Love:

All Cauſe of Quarrel, with your ſelf remove.

Perd. Shew me the path, in which you'd have me tread,

I'll follow it, tho it to Hell ſhould lead.

What would you have me do?—

Stat.—Still think me dead.

Do,

Do, what you did resolve, to do, before,
When you did never think, to see me more.
You ave seen the sad Effects, of Lawless Love,
Let Virtue, his Tyrannic sway remove.
Th' other half World, go Conquer with your Swôrd,
War, will diversion give, or cure afford.

Perd. Madam, I'll try, to' obey your strict Command,
But here I Vow, at th' Altar of your Hand, [*Kisses her Hand.*
Whilst the Gods grant me Life, I ever will
Honour, Respect, Love, and adore you still.
To Arms—to Arms,
Till my unquiet, restless Life shall cease,
The World, like me, shall never be in peace.
Madam farewell—

—I don't your threatnings fear, [*Turning to Orontes.*
I'll go to *Scythia*, if not meet you here. [*Exit.*

Lyfi. Thus humbly prostrate before you we fall,
[*Lyfi. and Ptol. kneeling to Parisatis,*
You are our Judg, and on your gentle Breath,
Depends the Sentence, of our Life, and Death.

Ptol. Madam to you, we now for Judgment fly,
Say which of us must Live, and which must dye.
Love can't permit, two Rivals in one Throne,
He is a Monarch, and must reign alone.
Our Love, and friendship in this both agree
To own your Sentence just, what e're it be.

Pari. Rise Noble Friends—I will impartial be,
[*She makes them rise.*

I cannot grant, what you now ask of me.
Your Equal Virtues, so my Heart divide,
I cannot now, your friendly strife decide.
I should be, unjust—

To Murder one, whilst I the other save:
Since if I one accept, I th' other lose,
I will be just to both, and both refuse.

Lyfi. In choosing one, you will some Mercy show;
But you will both destroy, in doing so,
Destroying both, you Cruelty express;
In saving one of us, you shew much less.

Ptol. Madam, since both, cannot your Love enjoy,
 Let not our Friendship, our great Blis destroy :
 For tho we both, thus for your Love contend,
 Each, is at once, a Rival, and a Friend.
 In choosing one, you one of us Redeem,
 Refusing both, you both to Death Condemn.

Pari. In both of you, I, a rare Friendship see,
 Love has not power, to make you disagree,
 You both have been, so noble, and so brave,
 And both such Equal Love, and Merits have ;
 That it would be, an unjust thing, in me,
 To give to one, the Palm of Victorie.
 Therefore brave friends——

I'de rather be thought Cruel, than unjust.

Lyfi. Since our fair Princess, won't our cause decide,
 Our Quarrel must, at last, by Armes be try'd. { turning to
 Our sacred friendship, must not be above, { Ptolomy.
 The higher, and more sacred pow'ers, of Love.

Pari. Live still brave friends, as friendly as you did,
 Still as you were, both friends, and Rivals live,
 I now command it——He who disobey's,
 Looses my Love, and his own cause betrays.
 Let not your Love, your Friendship now divide,
 The Gods, and Time, will your kind strife decide,
 To them wee'l leave your cause——whilst you agree,
 You equal favour, shall receive from me.

Lyfi. Madam, our Fates lye in your pow'ful Hand,
 I will obey, what ever you Command.

Ptol. And I'll endeavour, by obedience too,
 To please, tho I shall never merit you.
 Rival, and Friend, for so we still must be,
 Let us Embrace——and like friends still agree.

[To Lyfi.

Lyfi. Love, has most nobly, our high friendship Crown'd.

[Embracing.
 { Kneeling to
 { Thalestris.

Eume. Madam, in you, lyes my felicity,
 Ah! let me not alone unhappy be.
 Let me not only have a cause to mourn,
 Whilst you my Love, and Services do scorn.

Oron. Madam, we all do for *Eumenes* sue,
 None, his high merits, can reward, but you.

I hope, you will not, our just lutes delay,
And spoil the Lustre, of this happy day.
We cannot freely, our own Bliss, enjoy;
If you this Prince's happiness destroy.

Thal. Eumenes rise — I can resist no more,
Love made some progress, in my Heart before.
In these brave friends, I such rare virtues find,
Which reconcile me now to Men, and make me kind.
To all my Women, you shall Husbands give,
And wee'l henceforth, like other Nations live,
Henceforth, we will no longer live, alone,
But joyn'd, by Love, make of two Kingdoms one.
We then shall loose, our Monarchy, and Name,
And only Live, by History, and Fame.
So Rivers, having th'row large Kingdoms past,
Loose Name, and Waters, in the Sea, at last:
What Mortal dares, with mighty Love contend,
Who thus can give, to our great Empire, End?

*{ Takes up
Eumenes.*

Oron. Let us, fair Queens, now to the Temple go,
To pay those Vows, which to the Gods, we owe:
Let th' Holy Altars, with bright Incense shine,
And *Hecatombs*, fall to the Pow'rs Divine:
In Pious Joys, let's loose all sorrows past,
A true, and Virtuous Love; Heav'n Crowns, at last.

The Curtain falls.

FINIS.

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EPILOGUE

Spoken by Statira.

POets, like Gods, Create, what forms they please,
Monarchs, and Mighty Heroes, kill with Ease,
And Murther'd Princes too, from Death, can raise.
We Live, and Dye, as pleaseth Mr. Bays.

*At one House, I am, by Roxana, slain,
But see, at this, I am alive again,
And spite, of all her Cruelty, and rage,
I Live, am Queen, and Triumph, on the Stage.
The God-like Poet, Mortal Actors too,
Strive thus, with various Skill, to pleasure you,
They punish, they reward, they kill, they save,
And all to find out, what 'tis you would have,
For You—like Gods, like Goddesses you—sit,
To Judg our Actions, and the Poets wit,
And 'tis but just, all should to you submit.
Poets your Drudges, for you form a Play,
They shape, with artful Words, the senseless Clay,
And to the Image, a dead form they give,
But tis from you, it must its Life receive,
You make both Poets, Plays, and Players, Live.*

FINIS.

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P 2977

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